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A NIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, Oct. 1818.

Mr. Editor,

If you consider the following pages as possessed of interest, I should be happy to see them inserted in your Miscellany. The story may not be so thrilling as some of those you have already given to the public, but I can answer for its truth; and I dare say if old Jerome, who used to shew the catacombs in Paris, be yet alive, he will recollect the handsome Englishman, with brown hair, and dark blue eyes full of meaning, whom he released one morning from a night's imprisonment in those gloomy vaults. I shall only add, in behalf of my friend, whose letter I transcribe, that he is a person of the most unsullied honour and veracity; and that the fine powers of his mind, however warped and weakened by superstitious fears in his youth, have since completely recovered their proper tone and elasticity.

September, 1818.

Your's, &c.

D. K. S.

MY DEAR S—,

TH**ERE** is nothing more baneful than the influence which privileged nurses and other attendants upon young children exercise over their untutored imaginations, through the medium of superstitious dread. You know that there are few who have suffered more from such cruelty than myself; that for the prime years of my youth I was the victim of a distempered fancy, which I in vain attempted to chasten or correct; and that it was only by a most singular and unexpected accident that I was freed from the reign of terror. But I believe you have never been made acquainted with the full detail of that accident; and I therefore send you this account of it, impressed with the

deepest gratitude to the providence which turned to so much benefit in my own case, that which, considering the peculiar state and temper of my mind, might have caused insanity or death, and wishing it to become, if possible, as useful to others. Superstition is not indeed an epidemic of the present age; yet there may be individuals, who cast their eyes upon my tale, that will thank me for its lesson.

I never knew the fostering care of a father; and my mother, except in the boundless affection which I remember in my solitary years, did not well supply his place. Inheriting a large domain in the wildest district of Wales, I was early taught to attach notions of dignity and importance to myself, and entertained a long train of more interesting thoughts than usually occupy the breast of boyhood. From the indulgence of my guardians to an only son, I was never sent to school, and thus had no opportunity of acquiring the prompt and active spirit that is generated in a public seminary, or that hard yet brilliant polish of the world, that repels from its surface all assaults of sanguine and romantic feeling. My domestic tutor enriched my mind with an extensive knowledge of the classics, and imbued it with the deepest admiration of their beauties; but he did not apply himself to correct the wild tissue of ab-

surd and superstitious notions, which an acute observer must have detected in my bosom, or the greedy taste for fiction, and nervous sensibility, of which I myself perceived and lamented the excess. Ever since I could walk, I had been under the superintendence of an old nurse attached to the family, whose memory, like that of most of her countrywomen, was well stored with legend and tradition, and who had secretly acquired an absolute authority over me. While I was a mere child, she used to frighten me into obedience, if refractory, by threats of supernatural interference, and sometimes by devices of so horrible and extraordinary a nature, that I can hardly now recollect them without a shudder. The earnestness and emphasis, moreover, with which she told me tales which she more than half believed, gave her gradually an entire dominion over my fears and fancy, which she could rouse and regulate at will. Even after I had emerged from the nursery, it used to be my delight to steal to her apartment in the evening, and sit listening for hours to her ghostly narratives, till my knees shook, and every nerve in my body trembled, in the agitation and over-excitement she produced. It was then almost too much for my courage to hurry through the long passage, lighted by a single central lamp, to the library in our gothic mansion; and there, when I entered breathless and with a beating heart, I used to find my mother alone, weeping over the correspondence of my poor father in silence, and yielding to the sorrow that finally bowed her to the grave. My sole amusement every night, while thus sitting in the room with her (for we saw no company at all), was in poring with a perpetually-increasing interest, over all that could most tend to nourish the deleterious passion of my soul. My mother was too much absorbed in her own recollections to pay much attention to my employments or my studies; and her own mind was too much weakened by affliction to have suggested any salutary restoratives for mine.

The agonies I felt at my beloved parent's death, and for many a wakeful night after she was committed to the

tomb, are too sacred to my remembrance to be even now unravelled. I shortly after came of age, and one of the first acts of my majority was a visit to Paris, during the short interval of war afforded by the peace of Amiens, in hopes of alleviating my anguish. Here indeed I saw something of life; but I was too reserved to enter into intimacy with any of those to whose acquaintance my guardians introduced me. Proud, shy, and sensitive, I was fearful of their penetrating into the weaknesses of my character, which I felt were far from harmonizing with the general opinions of mankind; and I fancy they perceived something unfashionably cold and sombre about me, which mutually prevented our knowledge of each other. To the value of even your friendship, my dear S——, I was then insensible—but you cannot say I have remained so.

In one of my lonely rambles about the wonderful and interesting capital I was now visiting, I joined a crowd of twenty or thirty persons, waiting at the outer door that leads to the upper entrance of the Catacombs. I had heard of these extraordinary vaults, but not having passed before the *Barriere d'Enfer*, I had not inspected them in person. Though I could not help conjecturing that a subterranean cemetery, where the relics of ten centuries reposed, must be a sight too congenial with the morbid temper of my mind, I had no notion of the actual horrors of that mansion for the dead, or in my then distempered state of feeling, I should not have trusted my nerves with the spectacle to be expected. How will the curious tourist of the present day smile as he peruses this confession, if you give my story to the public!—but a few, perhaps will understand and pity what were my follies. As it was, I provided myself, like the rest, with a waxen taper, and we waited with impatience for the appearance of the guide from below, with the party that had preceded us. It was about three o'clock of a sultry afternoon, and we were detained so long, that when the door opened at last, we all rushed in, and hurried old Jerome to the task of conducting us, without giving him time for the necessa

ry precaution of counting our number. I was an utter stranger to all present, and felt at first, as if I should have wished to view the sight, towards which we hurried our conductor, with him alone, or at least with fewer and less vociferous companions : but when we had descended many steps into the bowels of the earth, and the cold air from the dwellings of mortality smote my brow, I owned a sensible relief from the presence of the living around me, and was cheered by the sound of their various exclamations. Even with these accompaniments, however, it was with more than astonishment that I gazed upon the opening scene, and ever and anon, wrapped up in my thoughts, I anticipated with secret forebodings, the horrors I was doomed to undergo.

It would be superfluous to describe what has been described so often, yet none can have received, from a survey of the catacombs, such impressions as my mind was prepared to admit ; and few can have retained so vivid and distinct a picture of their appearance, as has been branded on my soul in characters not to be effaced. Alas ! I entered them with little of that fine exalting spirit so divinely eulogized by Virgil, in the motto that is inscribed upon their walls :

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

"Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum

"Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acheronti avari."

The interminable rows of bare and blackening skulls—the masses interposed of gaunt and rotting bones, that once gave strength and symmetry to the young, the beautiful, the brave, now mildewed by the damp of the cavern, and heaped together in indiscriminate arrangement—the faint mouldering and deathlike smell that pervaded these gloomy labyrinths, and the long recesses in the low-roofed rock, to which I dared not turn my eyes except by short and fitful glances, as if expecting something terrible and ghastly to start from the indistinctness of their distance,—all had associations for my thoughts very different from the solemn and edifying sentiments they must rouse in a well regulated breast, and, by degrees, I yielded up every faculty to the influence of an ill-defined and mysterious

alarm. My eyesight waxed gradually dull to all but the fleshless skulls which were glaring in the yellow light of the tapers—the hum of human voices was stifled in my ears, and I thought myself alone, already with the dead. The guide thrust the light he carried into a huge skull that was lying separate in a niche ; but I marked not the action or the man, but only the fearful glimmering of the transparent bone, which I thought a smile of triumphant malice from the presiding spectre of the place, while imagined accents whispered, in my hearing, "Welcome to our charnel-house, for THIS shall be your chamber !" Dizzy with indescribable emotions, I felt nothing but a painful sense of oppression from the presence of others, as if I could not breathe for the black shapes that were crowding near me ; and turning unperceived, down a long and gloomy passage of the catacombs, I rushed as far as I could penetrate, to feed in solitude the growing appetite for horror, that had quelled for the moment, in my bosom, the sense of fear, and even the feeling of identity. To the rapid whirl of various sensations that had bewildered me ever since I left the light of day, a season of intense abstraction now succeeded. I held my burning eyeballs full upon the skulls in front, till they almost seemed to answer my fixed regard, and claim a dreadful fellowship with the being that beheld them. How long I stood motionless in this condition I know not—my taper was calculated to last a considerable time, and I was awakened from my trance by the scorching heat of it's expiring in my hand. Still insensible of what I was about, I threw it to the ground ; and, gleaming once more, as if to shew the darkness and solitude to which I was consigned, it was speedily extinguished. But, by the strong impression on my brain, the whole scene remained distinct, and it was not for some time that my fit of abstraction passed away, and the horrific conviction came upon me, that I was left deserted, as I fancied in my first confusion, by faithless friends, and abandoned to the mercy of a thousand demons. All the ideal terrors I had cherished from my childhood, exalted to temporary

madness by the sense and certainty of the horrid objects that surrounded me, rushed at once upon my soul ; and in an agony of impatient consternation, I screamed and shouted, loud and long, for assistance. Not an answer was returned, but the dreary echoes of this dreadful tomb. I saw that my cries for succour were hopeless and in vain, and my voice failed me for very fear—my jaws were fixed and open, my palate dry—a cold sweat distilled from every pore, and my limbs were chill and powerless as death. Their vigour at length revived, and I rushed in a delirium through the passages, struggling through their various windings to retrace my path, and plunging at every step in more inexplicable error, till running with the speed of lightning along one of the longest corridors, I came with violence in full and loathsome contact with the skeleton relics at the end. The shock was like fire to my brain—I wept tears of rage and despair ; and thrusting my fingers in the sockets of the empty skulls, to wrench them from the wall, I clutched their bony edges till the blood sprung from my lacerated hand. In short, I cannot paint to you the extravagancies I acted, or the wild alternation of my feelings that endured for many hours. Sometimes excited to frenzy, I imagined I know not what of horrid and appalling, and saw, with preternatural acuteness, through the darkness as clear as noon,—while grisly visages seemed glaring on me near, and a red and bloody haze enveloped the more fearful distance. Then, when reason was on the point of going, an interval of terrible collection would succeed. I felt in my very soul how I was left alone—perhaps not to be discovered, at any rate for what appeared to me an endless period, in which I should perhaps expire of terror, and I longed for deep deep sleep, or to be as cold and insensate as the things around me. I tried to recollect the courage, that only on one point had ever failed me, but judgment missed her stays, and the whispers of the subterraneous wind, or the stealthy noises I seemed to hear in concert with the audible beatings of my heart, overcome me irresistibly. Sometimes I thought I could feel si-

lence palpable like a soft mantle on my ear—I figured dreadful hands within a hair-breadth of my body, ready to tear me if I stirred, and in desperation flung myself upon the ground. Then would I creep close to the mouldering fragments at the bottom of the wall, and try to dig with my nails, from the hard rock something to cover me. Oh ! how I longed for a cloak to wrap and hide me, though it had been my mother's winding-sheet, or a grave-flannel animated with worms. I buried my head in the skirts of my coat, and prayed for slumber ; but a fearful train of images forced me again to rise and stumble on, shivering in frame with unearthly cold, and yet internally fevered with a tumult of agonizing thoughts. Any one must have suffered somewhat in such a situation ; but no one's sufferings could resemble mine, unless he carried to the scene a mind so hideously prepared. Part of these awful excavations are said to have been once haunted by banditti ; but I had no fears of them, and should have swooned with transport to have come upon their fires at one of the turnings in the rock, though my appearance had been the instant signal for their daggers.

In my wanderings I recovered for a moment the path taken by the guides, and found myself in a sort of cell within the rock, where particular specimens of mortality were preserved. My arm rested on the table, where two or three loosened skulls, and a thigh-bone of extravagant dimensions, were lying, and a new fit of madness seized me. My heart beat with redoubled violence, while I brandished the enormous bone, and hoarsely called for its original possessor to come in all the terrors of the grave, and there would I wrestle with him for the relic of his own miserable carcase. I struck repeatedly, and hard, the hollow-sounding sides of the cell, shouting my defiance ; then throwing myself with violence towards the opening, I missed my balance, and, snatching at the wall round the corner to save myself, I jammed my hand in an aperture among the bones, and fancied that the grisly adversary I invoked had grasped my arm in answer to my challenge. My shrieks of agony rang through the

caverns, and, staggering back into the cell, I fell upon my face, hardly daring to respire, and expecting unimagined horrors or speedy dissolution.

How my feelings varied for a space of time, I know not ; but sleep insensibly fell upon me. In my dream, I did not seem to change the scene, but still reclining in the cell, I fancied the skulls upon the wall the same in number, but magnified to a terrific size, with black jetty eyes imbedded in their naked sockets, and rivetted with malicious earnestness on me. A dim recess seemed opened beyond one side of the cell, and each spectral eye turning with a sidelong glance towards it, drew mine the same direction by an uncontrollable fascination. Still appearing to gaze determinedly upon them, I had power, as I dreamed, to obey their impulse simultaneously, and to perceive a dreadful figure, black, bony and skull-headed, with similar terrific eyes, whom they seemed to hail as their minister of cruelty, while with slow and silent paces, it drew near to clasp me in its hideous arms. Closer and closer it advanced,—but, thanks and praise to the all-gracious Power that stills the tempests of the soul !—the limit of suffering was reached, and the force of terror was exhausted. My nerves, so long weak, and prone to agitation, were recovered, by the over-violence of their momentum,—and, instead of losing reason in the shock, or waking in the extremity of fear,—the vision was suddenly changed,—the scenery of horror melted into light, and a calm and joyful serenity took possession of my bosom. My animal powers must have been nearly worn out, for long—long I slept in this delightful tranquillity,—and when I wakened, it was, for the first time of my life, in a peaceful and healthy state of mind, unfettered, and released for ever from all that had enfeebled and debased my nature. I had passed in that celestial sleep from death to life, from the dreams of weakness and lapses of insanity, to the full use

and animation of my faculties,—and I felt as if a cemented load had broken and crumbled off my soul, and left me fearless and serene. I was never happy, —I was never worthy the stile of Man, till then ; and, as I lay, I faltered out my thanks in ecstasy to Heaven, for all that had befallen me.

My limbs were numbed by the cold and damp of the floor on which I had been lying ; but, rising from it, a new being in all that is essential to existence, I entered the passage, and walked briskly up and down, to recover the play and vigour of my frame. I found the thigh-bone on the ground where I had dropped it,—and no longer tortured by the fears that were gone for ever, replaced it quietly in its former situation. I kept near the entrance of the cell, that the first guide who descended might not miss me ; and it could not be more than two hours, before Jerome, whose hair stood on end when he heard where I had passed the night, came down with an early party of visitors, and freed me from my dungeon.—There was no straggling among the company for that day.

You well know, my dear friend, what have been my habits and employments since that night ; and I could summon you with confidence, to give your testimony, that few persons are now less slaves of superstitious terror than myself. By a strange and singular anomaly of circumstances, the wild fancies I had imbibed in the free air of my native hills, and among the cheerful scenes of romantic nature, I unlearned in the dreary catacombs of Paris. If I still am fanciful, you will not charge me with extravagance ; if I still have sensibility, I trust it does not verge on weakness ;—and, as I have proved my personal courage on more than a single trial, I may be allowed to smile, when I hear in future some boisterous relater of my narrative condemn me for a coward.

E—.

Place R—, Sept. 1818.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XI.

SUDDEN CHANGES.

The wheel of life is turning quickly round,
 And in one place is *very seldom* found :
 The Mid'life wheels us in, and Death he wheels us out,
 Good lack-a-day ! how we are wheeled about.

*Old Ballad.*And nothing is but is not.—*Shakspeare.*

“**W**HAT a host of blunders I have been committing this morning !” said my rattle of a Cousin, the Guardsman ; “D— me if I ever make another morning call, or ever venture to talk upon religion, politics, or any other topic but horse-racing or drinking, as long as I live. I have no doubt but that I shall be disinherited by my aunt, Lady Agnes, that the General will never speak to me again, and that the money-lending agent will never advance me another shilling. The devil is in the town. Such are the sudden changes, religious, political, and moral, that like an unsafe and an unsteady climate, for which one would require to alter one’s dress half a dozen times a day, a man would need a diary of his acquaintances’ actions, in order to regulate his features and conversation by. Who on earth would have expected my old Aunt to have turned methodist ; the General to be a government man ; or the old rascal Twenty-per-cent to be a moralist ? Why my Aunt was the gayest of the gay in her youth, and used to sit up all night playing at brag and drinking noyeau like a dragoon in her later years. The General used to put you to sleep with his philippics against the administration, against bribery, corruption, violation of the privileges of the people, borough-mongers, the influence of the aristocracy, and court favour. And as for old Cocker (as I used to call him,) he was the hardest going old villain I ever knew, and cost me many a head-ache when I wanted a loan from him. Now, forsooth, he is all propriety and morality.”

“What a reprobate you are,” said I to this scape-grace. “Not at all, Sir : but hear my story.” And here it may be

remarked, that although the disparity of years and the difference of habit is such betwixt this giddy youth and myself, yet, as he has nothing to hope and nothing to fear from me, and as I loved him in his childhood, he has every confidence in me, and tells me all his adventures and all his scrapes ; for, from a degree of good-nature which I possess, I am universally trusted.

“I had heard,” recommenced he, “that my Aunt was very ill, and I imagined that she was perhaps about to quit ; so I thought it was as polite to pay her a visit, and to do the pretty, by shewing her a little attention for a short time. How are you, Aunt ? said I as I entered her apartment : You don’t look so ill (this was not true, she looked very ill, which I thought rather promising to me :) pray what is your complaint ?” “It is what my physicians call dyspepsia,” replied she—“a debility of the stomach, which is scarcely able to perform its office ; I have not eaten an ounce of solid food (she said nothing about drink) for the last fortnight ; but this (continued she, laying her hand on a folio Bible,) this is my food.” “Rather dry, Aunt ! answered I : no wonder that you cannot digest it : why you don’t think that I can swallow all that.” “What do you mean ?” answered she, who could not stomach my remark. “Why, have the Bethel and Ebenezer people, the Jumpers or the Methodists, got hold of you ?” “Peace, reprobate,” cried she, “I am under conviction.” For what crime thought I to myself ! but I saw it was in vain to proceed. She gave me a very severe lecture on leading an exemplary life, and quoted scripture at every sentence, accompanied by a turning up of her eyes, which so alarmed me that I was glad to get clear of her.

“From my Aunt’s I proceeded to the General’s, where, as I had a favour to ask, I pretended (as usual) to be of his opinion in politics, by way of giving him an opportunity to grumble, and by that means to gain my point. I began

by abusing ministry, and by saying that we were ruined; but I soon found that as my Aunt, who was under conviction, had received a new light, so the General, who was about to get into the House, had embraced a new political creed. He had it seems had an offer of a seat, on condition that he should bind himself to a certain line of conduct, and he had readily agreed to these terms, from the vanity of being a parliament man. My diatribe was therefore most inopportune. He contented himself with observing, that men had a right to change their opinions upon conviction, and that his former notions were erroneous, and he had done so. He added, that I was very intemperate in my politics, and concluded that it was the duty of every military man to strengthen the hand of government; and that when he did not do so, he thought that his Sovereign ought to dispense with his services. This was truly alarming to one who had just embarked in a favourite profession: so I explained away in the best manner I could, and withdrew, regretting my unsuccessful hypocrisy.

"The want of money now drove me to the Agent and money-scrivener, with whom I was often obliged to misspend an hour in excessive drinking, in order to bring him into lending me at usurious interest. I found him (instead of being in a suit of mourning, and his bald head powdered, half tipsy, and a pen behind his ear) reclined on a sofa in a new olive coloured tunique, a flaxen wig, white trowsers, and a white hat, under which his purpleal countenance, studded with topaz blotches, had a very curious effect. He was moreover perfectly sober. "Well, old Cocker," said I, "how are you to day? Have you had your drop? and how's Peg?" (his house-keeper.) "Sir," replied the old villain, 'you make very

free; I have left off drinking in a morning; and as for Mrs. Tripartite, Margaret that was, I must have her treated with the respect due to my spouse.' I remembered having treated her very often before; but I saw that the game was up here also, for the old usurer had been married that morning. I contented myself with asking for a hundred pounds by way of bill at two months, for which I offered ten guineas premium; but I was refused. I therefore blew up the hoary humbug *à la Congreve*. I told him he was an old hypocrite and an usurer, that I had too often demeaned myself by my condescensions towards him, that I regretted that I had been so often his dupe, that in future I should keep company better suited to my age and to my rank in life, and that Peg and he might go to the devil their own way.

"Defeated thus at all points, I am come to you for the loan of the sum in question, which as a soldier and a gentleman I will return you in two months. I shall not offend you by talking of interest; but my gratitude may be some compensation for obliging me, and for laying out your money for this short time. I'll make no promises, but I will try and be steadier; for I know that I am going a little too hard. And now you have heard my whole story."

I am neither rich nor poor, but I live well, am independent, model my own conduct by prudence, and have leisure to watch the conduct of others.

There appeared so much candour in this youth's story, that I lent him the money; and—he paid me honourably. There are many instances of these fops in the dressing-room being heroes abroad; and not unfrequently these rakes of twenty turn to something very good in ten years after.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

From the Literary Gazette.

MEMORABILIA IN 1818.

Mr. Editor,

There are many matters of daily occurrence which pass rapidly into oblivion, without attracting even a moment's notice; yet do some of these bubbles upon the stream of time merit a slight glance ere they burst and mingle in the indistinguishable tide for ever. I have picked the following from the Journals of the last month, and submit them to you.

I am, &c.

MAGPIE.

CHURCH bells are rung on the entrance into a town, in a post-chaise, of any low blackguard who has walked ten miles a day more than any common individual would do, for eight successive days, Sundays included.

An *Amateur Clergyman* patronizes a boxing match, by betting 100 guineas on *Cabbage* of Bristol, who won for his friend by "hitting his adversary senseless."—*Michaelmas Day*.

A fruit show regularly advertised to take place on Sunday, in the vicinity of London.

By sending to a Grocer's shop for black tea, you obtain alder leaves—for green, sloe leaves dried with copperas. This encourages home manufactories, instead of dealing with the arrogant ko-tou-forcing Chinese!

For heating foreign ground coffee you get nutritive vegetable powder of native horse beans.

Flour of mustard is altered into flour and mustard; being much less pungent, and therefore more agreeable, as it never brings tears into your eyes, nor bites your children's tongues.

Yellow ochre modifies the intolerable heat of ginger; and rapeseed (divested of its oil) does the same good office for pepper. Wine is made of every thing, except grapes. And, in short, in this enlightened era, there is not one article of commerce sold in its genuine coarse state, unimproved by the arts and sciences of modern ingenuity.

A Judge upon the bench says that children ought to be hanged for thefts! and it is now customary for the Catchpoles, after the verdicts are pronounced, to instruct the court whether the prisoners deserve rigour or mercy. Smollett's ladder to promotion is therefore no caricature—as the Turnkey is a friend or foe, he influences the Police-officer, who influences the Judge, who influences the Home Secretary, who influences the Prince, and men are pardoned or executed as willeth the Gaoler!!!—The familiarity and sort of slang with which convicts are often addressed from the seat of judgment is very injurious to its solemnity and dignity. It is well reprov'd in the following original

IMPROMPTU

*On reading the close of an Old Baily Report, stating "The R***** then said, Prisoner you are much too clever a man to be suffered to remain in this country."*

The R—— resolved, after grave consultation, That Nott was too clever to stay in the nation;

No Talents, in leaving the realm, would complain, If his own are the standard of who should remain.

A Reformer somewhere about Reading thus defines his object: "*The term revolution I spurn, because I have no such intention. I urge and support reform in order to prevent revolution.—Our business is not to insist on personal likings, but to hang together for the great object of removing the whole SYSTEM, of which the very basis is corruption.*" Simpletons have thought that "*removing a whole system,*" was "*revolution*"!!

The British Museum has recently made many invaluable acquisitions in the arts and literature, and yet continues the irregular practice of throwing its doors open to the public gratuitously. This is highly reprehensible, as all our other national institutions, palaces, churches, tombs, &c. take full prices for admission, like theatres, exhibitions and shows, which evidently prevents many improper persons from visiting them.

Poor Miss Angelina M*****! Deserted by that deceiver L——, after he had gained her affections; she resolved on self-destruction, and, contriving to purchase a phial of *laudanum* at the chemist's, the wretched girl swallowed the whole draught. Soon were its fatal effects visible on this victim of love, who thus precipitated herself, at the age of nineteen, and full of beauty, towards the grave. To her distracted family she now disclosed the dreadful secret, and medical aid was called in; but, alas! in vain, for the quantity of the oblivious poison, and the length of time it had been taken, forbade the hope of counteracting its effects. The hapless Angelina suffered excruciating pangs, but a deep sleep soon closed her agonies.—When she awoke next morning, however, though with a violent headach, she was not sorry to find herself in the land of the living, owing to the pseudo opium having been entirely adulterated, as usual, and the extract of poppy, to supply its narcotic power, forgotten. By this curious coincidence, the adulterer saved the victim of the seducer.

A Prince of the blood-royal, and several distinguished Noblemen and Gentlemen, suffer a Quack to delude the

unwary, by daily advertising his nostrums as sanctioned by them, at the head of a public institution which does not exist. How humane it is that they lend *only their names*.

THE MINSTREL OF BRUGES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY THE LATE MR. JOHNES, OF HAFOD.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, October, 1818.

PART THIRD.

LOVE, thou powerful governor that influenceth every condition of life, thou couldst not gain any sway over our Minstrel, who steadily braved thy power,—but thy fatal shafts did not spare his daughter, or rather the daughter of his wife. We have seen, at the beginning of this story, that while her brothers were gathering nuts at the source of the Scheldt, she was sighing, and not without cause, for she had left all her happiness behind in Murcia.

Ernestine, for that was the name of this unfortunate girl, had looked too long, and listened too much, to a young and handsome Moor of Murcia for her repose. He had gained admittance into the house of the Minstrel, now turned doctor, under pretext of pounding his drugs, and of learning the art of physic under so able a master; but the real cause of attraction were the bright eyes of the fair Ernestine. He very soon persuaded the simple maid, as lovers easily do, that no passion was ever so strong as his, and that Heaven was not purer than his heart, and that he adored her, and should never adore any one but her; in short, he used all those common-place expressions that are employed on such occasions; but we must do the young Moor the justice to say, that he really felt every thing he said, as we shall show in the course of the history. Ernestine believed too much this flattering language; her heart was already lost, but her innocence no way affected, and she suffered the more. It was impossible for her to command her eyes; involuntary sighs broke from her bosom, so that every one guessed at the cause of her pain. Her mother had long discovered the secret of her heart, but the father alone had not the least suspicion of it.

One fine morning his wife entered his chamber, and made him acquainted with her discovery. We have repeatedly shewn that the Minstrel was good-nature personified, but like a good Christian, he would not bear any joking on the subject of religion. At the mention of this insolent Moor, this unworthy child of Mahommed, who had dared to fall in love with the daughter of an old Christian, he, for the first time in his life, flew into a violent rage. His wife, astonished at this extraordinary emotion, but incapable of changing her opinion, said, 'Why, you are like the blackguards, who no sooner become rich than they are become insolent; how can the love of the handsome Amurat put you into such a passion?' "He is a Mahomedan." "Well, will he be the first Moor who has turned Christian? and then, would his marriage with our daughter be so disproportionate? You own yourself, that Amurat understands physic almost as well as you do; he will continue to improve himself under your instructions, and when Heaven shall dispose of you, he will be then our support." "I don't mean to die," retorted the Minstrel, "nor do I mean to have any Moor in my family."

Such was the introduction to the details the self-dubbed physician was about to give the Cambresian; he thus continued:

"Sir, I have said that chagrin and opulence entered my house hand in hand. I told my wife, in a resolute tone, that I would never have a Moor for a son-in-law; she had the impudence to reply, it was not quite clear that I was the father of her daughter. 'That does not signify, madam,' replied I, with dignity, 'so long as I bear the honour of being so in public.' 'Very well,' replied she, 'we shall

see.' On hearing this menace, I broke, through rage, a phial that was in my hand, and called my daughter, to whom I spoke as follows: 'Ernestine, how dare you fall in love without my leave?' She blushed, wept, and threw herself at my feet; I raised her up and wiped her eyes, and said it is no purpose crying, but give me an answer. 'Father, I could not help it.' I proved to her that it was very possible for her to have helped it, since I had never been in love in my life. I talked to her of the infidel she had made choice of; had he been a Christian, said I, that might have been something, but an enemy to God! I then described to her my situation, and hinted to her the possibility of my marrying her one day to a bachelor of Salamanca.

"'Father,' replied she, 'I am very sorry to give you any chagrin, it is my ill fortune that forces me; if I could, I would no longer love Amurat; I even wish I had strength to hate him, and I would do it to please you, but I feel it quite impossible. You talk to me of marriage with a bachelor of Salamanca, I would not accept of the hand of the King of Grenada were he to offer it. Father, I am very unhappy in loving Amurat, I will not, if you insist upon it, see him any more; I shall die, but I will obey your orders, and that is the whole I can do.'

"Her discourse affected me much; but seeing Amurat, my rage returned, and I stooped down to pick up the broken glass of the phial to throw in his face; but he looked so afflicted and humble, that I, who am naturally kind, instead of throwing the glass in his face, broke it in my hand. It was then that I witnessed the sweet dispositions of those children whom I was persecuting; Amurat picked all the broken glass out of my hand, which Ernestine washed, wiped, and kissed.

"I believe I should then have pardoned them, but madam entered with her usual noise, which brought back all my indignation,—I punished the innocent for the guilty, and swore this marriage should never take place.

"My wife had made a joke of me throughout life,—she declared herself

the protectress of these two children, and determined to marry them privately. I perceived that some plot was carrying on, but as I am not curious, I did not pay much attention to it. On awakening one morning, I found that I was the only inhabitant of my house. It was in vain I searched for my wife; she, Ernestine, the two brats, all the family, had dislodged during the night. I ran to my strong box; the lock had been forced, and my treasure, the fruit of so much labour, had disappeared with my fugitives. I was so thunderstruck, that when I attempted to move, my legs failed me. I remained fixed to the spot, and passed the most melancholy day of my life. But Heaven had provided me an avenger. At this period the holy office was most attentive in watching and preventing the Moors from carrying off poor Christian women. A detachment of these honest defenders of our religion, noticing an old woman, a young girl, and the handsome Amurat, who had thoughtlessly kept on his turban, arrested all three. Heavens! what must have been the surprise of my wife, when she found the commander of the troop was no other than the officer, her former friend. When recovering from her astonishment, she had recourse to her ancient blandishments; but perhaps the season of love was passed, or that the commander in such a holy service had repented his former amours, for he said to her, in a tone to convince her that her smiles were vain, "Madam, I am very sorry for you: but I am forced to execute my office; it pains me, I assure you, to deliver you up to the holy inquisition; and in spite of my pity, you must permit me to put on handcuffs."

"My dear Don Pedro," replied my wife, "is there no method to soften you?" "None, madam," answered the officer. "What, not even with this gold," continued my wife. The sight of gold has a charm, the effect of which is more rapid than light or thought. The hardened features of the stern countenance of the officer were instantly softened into smiles. He pocketted the gold, and sent my wife, daughter, and the two

brats, back to me again in Murcia. given to physic was prejudicial to my But he was inflexible in detaining the first profession, which requires con- handsome Amurat, in spite of the cries stant and perpetual cultivation. Add and lamentations of Ernestine, when to this, that I was become somewhat he tore him from her." At the reci- asthmatical, and could no longer draw tal of this scene by the Minstrel, the out those fine and lengthened tones amiable girl began to sob as loudly as which, in my younger days, went to at the moment of separation. the heart. The pipe, they say, resem-

Evening prayers being ended, the bles love, and youth is required in steward hastily returned to the hall both. I hastened therefore to quit for strangers; but was not a little as- Spain, and on our arrival at the Py- tonished to find all in tears, whom so- renees, we clambered over those black very lately he had left full of gayety, and formidable rocks, and crossed when he had gone to attend his duty those immense heaps of snow, that at chapel. "Ah, what sudden mis- have lain there since the creation of fortune can have happened unto you, the world, as well as we could, and then, during the recital of three psalms, saw France once again. We prostrated and the performance of a single obitu- ourselves before the first flower-de- ary?" "Reverend father," replied luce we saw. Were I to say that my the Minstrel, 'you have lost nothing talents received greater honour in by your absence; it was only the re- France than in Spain, I should lie; lation of innocent amours of this simple but this I am bound to say, that in girl, and some trifling chagrins which I France they were more ready to assist experienced myself, that I have been us with their charity.

telling during the time you were psalm- "On approaching Berry, I recol- singing." "Oh, if it is only that," said lected that my wife had told me that the steward, "I have indeed lost her relations held a very respectable nothing, and I am not sorry to have situation at Châteauroux." At these missed hearing of your grievances, for words this discreet woman, wearied I like much better your gayeties." for some time by all the indiscretions "As for gayety," answered the Min- of her husband quitted the apartment, strel, "thank Heaven, I am well enough under the pretext to amuse her daughter, provided with that, and with patience and to make the boys play on the too, as you shall hear. pipes. When she was gone, the Min-

"When I saw my wife and child- strel thus continued,—“Sirs, my wife ren return so melancholy in the even- is a liar—no one had ever heard of her, ing, I was much surprised, and calm- nor of her relations, nor of the great ly asked them whence they came? state they kept at Châteauroux. It My wife, gentlemen, does not want would seem that she had never before, effrontery, and nothing embarrasses any more than myself, set foot in her; she plainly told me the whole of Berry. Believe woman who please on her plot, the carrying away my treas- their word. My reverend father, you ure, the meeting of the holy brother- have acted wisely not to marry.” hood, and added what had been the The Cambresian nodded his head price of her fetters being struck off. by way of civility, thinking on the ex- ‘Vastly well, madam,’ said I, ‘and it traordinary adventures he had heard. is I then who pay for your folly; we But let us for a while leave the Hall have not now a maravidi, and your of Guests at Vaucelles, and speak of other works connected with the subject. prank has made so much noise, we cannot longer remain here,—What’s to be done?’ ‘Resume your bagpipe,’ replied she, ‘you know that that is our faithful nurse.’

"I resumed my pipes, and went years, that you are anxious about the playing away on all high roads of fate of Amurat? You are in the right Spain; but, sirs, one cannot hunt two —charming as Medoro, he was more hares at once; the time which I had tender; and Ernestine, with whom

PART FOURTH.

you are scarcely acquainted, was of ten times the value of that coquet Angelica. She had followed her mother to the garden of the convent in tears—we are sorry to see her weep—he must be an absolute barbarian that could be untouched with her sorrows. But let us resume our story.—The holy brotherhood and the Inquisition are terrible things. The handsome Amurat, although led away through Murcia with his hands fettered, had in this state interested the whole of that kingdom. There was not a girl, on seeing him pass, who did not cry out, “Heavens, what a pity! is it possible for any one to be a Mahomedan, and so handsome?”

The poor boy was going to be broiled without hope of pardon. He was confined in a dungeon, with only bread and water for his food; and for his sole comfort, a Dominican visited him twice a day, but without speaking a word. It was for the handsome Amurat himself to confess his crime, but the poor innocent felt himself no way culpable.

One day the Dominican said to him, “You will not then confess any thing to me?” “Pardon me,” replied Amurat, “I will confess to you that I shall die, if separated from Ernestine.” “Wretched infidel,” exclaimed the Monk, “how dare you name a Christian?” “Why not,” said the sorrowful Amurat? “She was the life of my existence, the sun of my days, the object of every thought, and the only thing my heart pants after.” “Consider your end,” replied the Dominican, “within two days the pile will be lighted for you—you must not look for pardon, as you are under the most obstinate impenitence.” “For what cause?” asked Amurat. “In having run away with Ernestine from her father and mother.” “Oh, father!” said Amurat, “I ask your pardon, you seem to labour under an error, for it was Ernestine’s mother who gave her to me; however, if you are determined to burn me, do so, but it will never be in such a bright flame as now consumes me for Ernestine. Alas, alas! I shall then never see her more

—burn me, burn me, for I cannot live without her!”

The Dominican, who had never before seen any infidel so eager for death in the prison of the holy Inquisition, ruminated, while counting his rosary, on the answer of Amurat; and as at bottom he was a good-natured man, he suspected some mystery, and to clear it up, he returned to the handsome Moor to inquire into the details of his arrest and imprisonment. The simple boy told him every thing with the utmost sincerity; how the bright eyes, the enchanting smile, and the harmonious voice of the modest Ernestine, had seduced him in Murcia; how, after some time, he gained courage to tell her of all the pains he was suffering for her: how his virtuous but kind-hearted girl blushed at his declaration without saying a word; how, one day surprising her sighing, he asked her the cause; but she only looked at him, and sighed again; and this made him comprehend that she returned his flame: how he cast himself at the feet of the Minstrel’s wife, and interested her in his passion; how the Minstrel, on hearing it, became furious, to find that a Moor had the audacity to make love to his daughter; how they had all run away from the house of the Minstrel; and how the officer, of the holy brotherhood, after having robbed the wife of the Minstrel, who had previously been his mistress, of all that she had, had sent her home again with Ernestine, and had loaded him with chains.

This last circumstance opened the eyes of the Dominican; he thanked Heaven for having prevented him from committing an unjust act, and summoned the officer before him, who avowed the whole. The handsome Amurat appeared very excusable, and was set at liberty, upon condition of being instructed in the Christian religion; but he would make no promise, except of doing whatever should please Ernestine.

He fled back to Murcia, where he learnt that the Minstrel had quitted the town with all his family. They could not inform him exactly what

road he had taken, but they thought it was that toward Madrid. Poor Amurat hastened to Madrid, describing all the way the persons he was in search of; but he gained only vague and unsatisfactory answers. On his arrival at Castille, he heard that his countrymen had lost a great battle. Too full of his own misfortunes to think of his country, he pursued his road. On his way he overtook a sort of Moorish Esquire, near a ravine, crying most bitterly, while two fine Andalusian mares were feeding quietly beside him. It was Sabaoth himself, who had witnessed the death of the Zegris, commander of the Moors, and his good master.

Amurat approached him, and asked him the same questions he had done to all he met: "Sir," said he, "have you seen an old thin man playing on the bagpipe, accompanied by an old woman, two young boys, and a girl more beautiful than all the infantas of the world?" "Aye, that I have," replied Sabaoth sobbing, "at a distance, the eve of the battle we have just lost. I am well acquainted with that old bagpiper you speak of, and he ought to remember me, for I have often given him many a hearty thrashing in the stables of my last worthy defunct master at Grenada. I have also some claim on his gratitude, for I made him a physician, and so able a one, that he attended my master. It was, however, fortunate for him, that during his attendance I was occupied in the stables, and was ignorant of his audacity in pretending to be doctor to a Zegris. I would have taught him what a stable boy was to a groom. But, be assured, that I have seen him pass by, and he had in fact with him two women and two children, but in so miserable a condition, that both Moors and Christians allowed him to continue his road unmolested, on account of his misery. I am not so fortunate, which is the cause of my weeping, for my road is intercepted, and I cannot return again to Grenada without risk of being taken; you also will run the same chance." Amurat replied, "Sir Squire, you are right in fearing being made a prisoner in this

country, for they treat Moors very scurvily; I that am speaking to you have narrowly escaped broiling by the holy Inquisition. Therefore, instead of returning to Grenada, let us disguise ourselves, which we can easily do, for I have in the havresack that you see on my shoulders, a dress that I intended for a present to the Minstrel, to render him propitious to my love, and another that I had bought for his adorable daughter. You shall put on the first, and I will dress myself in the second, when, mounting these two mares, we may traverse all Spain in security; the holy brotherhood will not touch you, and I may perhaps overtake Ernestine." "I agree to your proposal," answered Sabaoth, "for, after all, it is better to be a wanderer and vagabond than burnt."

We are concerned to leave our two Moors in the plains of Castille, but the monastery of Vaucelles recalls us. We had left Ernestine with her mother, and said, that this unfortunate girl could not eradicate from her heart the shaft which love had fixed there. She was ignorant of that formidable power that triumphs over reason in spite of ourselves, which we wish, and wish not to conquer, which effaces all other sentiments of the soul, which exists and renews itself by its own force, and will not allow us to have another thought, and which subjects us to a torment at once pleasing and painful, whereof cold hearts can have no idea.

Such was the volcano that inflamed the soul of Ernestine; such the deity, who, in the midst of pains, procured her delights; such the demon that was tearing her heart to pieces.

What could the wife of the Minstrel do in such a case? She had had intrigues, and a variety of adventures, but they are only the simulation of love. Her daughter seemed to her mad, which is the usual name indifference give to that passion, and she considered as a weakness, what is the strongest power in nature. She reasoned and argued, during which, Ernestine sighed and wept. There was no other remedy for her disorder than the disorder itself. Besides, to bring back an impassioned heart from its wanderings, the person who attempts

it should be pure, without which, no one has a right to talk of virtue, and the mother of Ernestine had lost that right over her daughter. Too happy Minstrel! during this time thou wast forgetful in the hall of guests, of all past troubles, and one pleasant half hour effaced the remembrance of sixty years of misery. Why should we seek happiness in the upper ranks of life, in opulent fortunes, or in a multiplicity of pleasures? It is not even to be found in mutual love, and consists solely in indifference.

The Minstrel was very communicative of every adventure he had had. He related one which certainly proves that the good and evil things of this world are distributed somewhat like a lottery. He had met at Poitiers another bagpiper from the Ardennes, where a troubadour had taught each the same tune, but adapted to different words. Alas! the recompence each received was very different. Underneath are the words that fell to the lot of our unfortunate Minstrel:

First Couplet.

"Gai Pastoureaux,
Gai Pastourelles;
A vos agneaux,
A vos Agnelles
Laissez Loisir
D'aller bondir:
Gai, Pastourelles,
Gai, Pastoureaux.

Second Couplet.

Tems de jeunesse
Est tems d'amours;
Tems de vieillesse
Est tems de plours:
Sur la Condrette
Viens Bergerette,
Gai Troubadours."

There were also other verses in the song ending with

"De la fougere,
Du Dieu lutin
De la Bergere
Et du Butin."

"And you will please to remark," said the Minstrel, "that I pronounced, after my country fashion, the B like to P; but from what has since happened to me, I have taken good care to improve my pronunciation. You must know then, that as I was singing this air one day under the shade of a tree, and pronouncing the word Butin very indecently, a lady started out from behind some bushes, inflamed with rage, attended by a handsome knight, who ordered their varlets to beat me soundly, to teach me, as they said, to re-

spect ladies in my songs. I was thus very unjustly punished; for, a few minutes afterwards, my brother piper arrived, ignorant of what had befallen me, and seating himself near to the same bush, wherein the couple had again hid themselves as if nothing had happened, began to chant forth the happiness of a gallant rose that on the breast of beauty doth repose, &c. &c. At these sounds, which, in good truth, were not a whit more harmonious than mine, the loving couple quitted the bush, praised most highly the Ardennois, and gave him twenty pieces of gold, saying, 'Ah! this is what may be called a gallant Minstrel, not like to that other low bred fellow with his indecent songs.'

"Now, Sir Steward, I appeal to you," continued the Minstrel, "if I had had any wicked intention in thus pronouncing the word, which assuredly I had not; did I sing any thing very different from what the Ardennois had done? see how different our rewards were, and then let any one talk to me of justice on this earth. The lady indeed was of noble birth, and brilliant as mine own country rose, and the knight a prince of France, whose fleur-de-lis adorned his superb shield. Without knowing it, the Ardennois had flattered two noble lovers, whilst I, as ignorantly, had offended them. He received gold, and I blows. May I not therefore assert, that there is only good and evil luck in the world?" This indeed was most evident in the family of the Minstrel; for, in spite of the various evils he had met with in his career, his philosophy had caused him to be recompensed by gayety; he still laughed, and laughed although on the brink of the grave, whilst his unfortunate daughter was pining away with love in the spring of life.—Let us imitate this economy of pleasures and pains which is scattered through our passage here below,—every thing invites us.

The whole monastery was delighted with the Minstrel. The Cambresian could no longer quit him; the steward had taken a liking to him; and the Lord Abbot, desirous of retaining him at Vaucelles, said to him, "are you

so anxious to carry your bones to Bruges, that we cannot keep you here?" "No, truly," replied the piper, "I am no way desirous to return to Bruges, where I have neither friend nor relation, nor house nor home; and I was only returning thither, because I knew not where else to lay my head." The abbot continued, "You play wonderfully well on the pipes, do you think you could blow the Serpent of the monastery? ours is just dead, and I offer you his place." "He who pretends to know most, knows least," answered the Minstrel; "in truth I am capable of being a most excellent serpent to the abbey chapel, and you shall see to-morrow how I will make its roofs resound. But what will become of my wife, my daughter, and my two brats?" "We will take charge of you all here," said the abbot; "your wife shall be cook to the visitors, your daughter, *femme de chambre* to the ladies that may come to partake of our hospitality, and your two boys shall ring the bells, and rake the walks of our garden." "You talk like Saint Bernard, your glorious patron," replied the Minstrel, transported with joy. The old woman was made acquainted with this arrangement, and consented to it, although she did not pique herself on being an excellent cook. The situation of *femme de chambre* was rather humiliating to Ernestine, but as it was no great fatigue, she accepted of it. The little boys were so enchanted with their employment, that they wished to enter on their business instantly; monastery?

To be concluded in our next.

ORIGIN OF SIGNS OF INNS, &c.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE DUN COW,

NOT an unusual sign, may in some instances have been adopted from the victory ascribed in our old Romances to that most valorous chieftain, Guy Earl of Warwlcck, over an enormous dun cow that once infested Dunsmore heath, near Dun-church in Warwickshire, where certainly, in memory of this achievement, one of the present inns is known by this appellation.

one went to the belfry and rang the bells for more than two hours, while the other broke three rakes that same evening on the garden walks.

Here then was our vagabond family fixed, and tolerably well established; they were all contented excepting Ernestine alone, whose melancholy increased with the noisy pleasures that surrounded her. All foreign joy annoys the wretched, for joy is not the lot of an impassioned heart, and it is in the season of roses that chagrin makes the deepest wounds. It was in vain that the Minstrel exerted himself to rouse his daughter from that state of languor which was consuming her; in vain did this good-natured fellow, now sufficiently master of the serpent, resume his pipes every Sunday and feast-day, to make the girls of the environs dance; in vain he intreated his daughter to join them;—dancing tired her, and the Morisco airs, which her father played so wondrous well, brought back bitter recollections, and increased her melancholy.

She performed her office of *femme de chambre* so much to the satisfaction of those ladies and damsels that came to Vaucelles, that all of them felt a friendship, and thought her manners much superior to her situation.

Her sweetness of temper was unalterable, and, contrary to the common course of things, her misery did not affect her good humour. Shall she be then for ever the only one to whom life is become a burden in this happy

Butler, in his inimitable "Hudibras," alludes to this combat in his account of Tolgol, one of the warriors of the Bear and Fiddle:

"Who was of that noble trade,
Which demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred,
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but base if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot

For daring to profane a thing
So sacred as vile bungling—
He many a boar and huge *dun cow*,
Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;
But Guy, with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the boar or *dun cow* far'd.

The original of Butler's Tolgol is said to have been a butcher in Newgate market, who was afterwards made a captain for his bravery at Naseby.

The Tatler, in a humorous passage upon diet, No. 148. says, "I need not go up so high as the history of Guy Earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a *dun cow* of his own killing."

This renowned hero flourished in the reign of Athelstan, before whom, in single combat at Winchester in 934, he slew Colbrand the Goliath of the Danes. He is said afterwards to have retired to the cell, called Guy's cliff, near Warwick, adjoining the present seat of Bertie Greathead, Esq. where he passed the remainder of his life as a hermit, and was there buried. There is still remaining a gigantic statue of him erected by Richard Beauchamp Earl of Warwick in the chantry at Guy's cliff, which Beauchamp built, and in which John Rous, the Warwickshire historian, was a priest. Several peices of rusty armour, and a large iron boiler, are shewn to the credulous multitude, at the porter's lodge of Warwick castle, as having been part of the accoutrements and the porridge pot of this famous champion. His exploits are thus facetiously related by Huddesford in his tale of "Old Wyschard," in the "Wiccamicall Chaplet."

By gallant Guy of Warwick slain
Was Colbrand, that gigantic Dane ;
Nor could this desperate champion daunt
A *dun cow* bigger than elephant ;
But he, to prove his courage sterling,
His whyniard in her blood imbrued,
He cut from her enormous side a sirloin,
And in his porridge-pot her brisket stew'd,
Then butcher'd a wild boar, and ate him barbecued.

Drayton, in the 13th Song of his "Polyolbion," thus enumerates the principal victories ascribed to him in romance :

"To thee, renowned Knight, continual praise we owe,
And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits shew ;
Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to advance,
Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat, and sailing into
France,

At tilt from his proud steed Duke Outon threw'st to
ground,
And with th' invaluable prize of Blanch the beauteous
crown'd
(The Almain Emperor's heir) high acts didst there
atchieve ;
As Lovain thou again didst valiantly relieve.
Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword im-
bru'dst.
And then in single fight great Amerant subdu'dst.
Twas thy Herculean hand, which happily destroy'd
That Dragon which so long Northumberland an-
noy'd
And slew that cruel Boar, which waste our wood-
lands laid,
Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in mead-
ows made,
Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till now ;
And at our humble sute, did quell that monstrous cow,
The passengers that us'd from Dunsmore to affright-
Of all our English, yet, O most renowned knight,
That Colebrand overcame't ; at whose amazing
fall
The Danes remov'd their camp from Winchester's
siege'd wall.
Thy statue Guy's cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to
please,
Warwick, thy mighty arms, thou English Her-
cules !"

It is most probable that the sign of the Dun cow became generally fashionable in the reign of Henry VII. as it was an armorial bearing of the Richmond family.

THE DRAGON.

The dragon was the ensign of the famous British Prince Cadwallader, and borne by his descendants the Princes of Wales. The name of the father of the renowned Arthur was Uther Pendragon, which signifies "wonderful supreme leader."

A dragon was emblazoned on the standard of Richard King of the Romans (who perhaps assumed it, as Earl of Cornwall, in compliment to the Cornish Britons), and was captured, together with himself and his brother Henry III. by Simon de Montfort Earl of Leicester, general of the associated Barons, at the battle of Lewes, May 14, 1264. Barnes tells us that at the battle of Cressy, August 26, 1346, Philip de Valois, King of France, displayed the great and holy standard of that nation, called the Oriflambe, which indicated his intention to refuse quarter to his enemies ; and Edward III. unfolded his banner of the *burning Dragon*, which portended a like intention. Consequently not a prisoner was taken though there were slain nearly 40,000 men.

Moser notices the present Green Dragon Inn in Bishopsgate-street, London, as retaining many vestiges of antiquity.

THE DUKE'S HEAD. THE OLD DUKE.

I observe in Cary's Itinerary three posting houses (*viz.* at Lynn Regis, Wacton, and Walton) distinguished by the former sign; and I have myself seen public houses denominated by the latter. The Craftsman, No. 623, says, "Whoever passes through the towns in England, and will give himself the trouble to take notice of the signs, will find bravery the darling inclination of the whole people. He that contrives the most heroic sign is sure of the most custom. Some hang out the heads of great commanders, such as Monk, Marlborough, or Ormond, according to their different principles." Of the dukes of Albemarle and Ormond, I suppose that now not a single sign remains; and I know not of any public house that yet retains a representation even of the Duke of Marlborough, though of later date and more distinguished merit (but there are many which exhibit *the arms* of the *present* noble family); for the inns called "the Old Duke," that I have seen, are decorated with the portrait of William of Cumberland. This sign, to which I shall now confine myself is becoming rare, whilst almost every town proudly exhibits the likenesses of our brave Dukes of York and Wellington, of whom I intend giving a short account under their respective titles. Thus Goldsmith begins his 8th Essay: "An ale-house keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement

of the last war pulled down his old sign and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration."

William Augustus, second son of George II. was born at Leicester-house 1721; created Duke of Cumberland, 1726; appointed Colonel of the first regiment of Foot-guards, 1742; promoted to the rank of Major-general; wounded at the victory of Dettingen under the Earl of Stair; and further advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-general, 1743; appointed Captain General, of the army in Flanders, and lost the battle of Fontenoy, 1745; defeated Prince Charles Stuart at Cullo-den;

"Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.
The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders on the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

SMOLLETT.

For this, his only victory, he had £25,000 per ann. added to his income, 1746: Lost the battle of Lafelot, 1747; defeated at Hastenbach, and signed the ignominious Convention of Closter-seven, 1757; died and was buried in Westminster abbey, 1765.

AN ARCTIC ISLANDER IN LONDON.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.]

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

Sir,
MY correspondent on board the Isabella, whose Journal afforded some extracts for your Magazine, sent only a short letter by his majesty's ship the Majestic, which arrived last month with despatches from the Arctic navigators. It informed me, that on leaving the colony mentioned in his former communication, he had persuaded one of the natives to accompany him on board, and congratulated himself very cordially on his safe return to his ship, when he found the ice which had been mistaken for a part of the continent, was only one of those bergs, or islands, which change their places continually,

and have been met travelling in the Atlantic, where one of them nearly sunk an American sloop loaded with a SEA-SERPENT'S head, which an unphilosophical exciseman mistook for a pipe of Madeira. When the boats came in quest of official letters for H. M. S. the Majestic, the Arctic Islander, believing his colony *ab origine* from England, expressed an invincible desire to visit the native country of his ancestors; and after some consideration among the literary gentlemen attached to the expedition, each of whom claimed a share in the profits resulting from him, he was put on board one of the boats under the custody of Dr. Cacofog,* who availed himself of this pretext to return home. Being undeniably the prize and property of my friend, and entitled, as a descendant of Englishmen, to an exemption from sale, he was wrapped in a large boat-cloak, and entered at the Custom-house, when he landed here, as a sick seaman from the Isabella. Lest the managers of the Museum, or the great theatres, should hear of such an acquisition, I went myself in my own post-chariot to convey him to my house, where, according to my friend's letter, he permitted him to reside. Fortunately, his appearance did not excite my servants' curiosity, as his attire was English. His person is far under the usual height, rather round, and too much elevated about the shoulders;—but this defect was easily concealed by attaching only half-a-dozen capes to the loose pelerine of his coat;—he is extremely short-sighted, as is usual with the natives of the frigid zone, and has the breadth of nose and chin which Buffon and Cuvier consider peculiar to them; therefore our fashionable lorgnette and cravat were really requisite to diminish these disadvantages. The bluish tint of his hair is not remarkable during the present fashion. The lethargic apathy of men born in cold countries is so well known, that I was not surprised at his doze during the greater part of our journey; but when we crossed Westminster-bridge, and came within view of those long lines and transverse vistas of light which the lamps of our streets afford, I could not avoid an attempt to

* *Alias Blinkensop.*

rouse his attention. He replied in very intelligible English, and with all the dryness of an English traveller, that he saw nothing equal to his home; adding that their galleries and collonades, dug under mountains of ice, were far more brilliantly illuminated. Then looking gravely at Dr. Blinkensop, who occupied the third place in my carriage, he enquired why he was not walking about? Being asked what his question implied, he informed us, that in his island all the learned men were employed to traverse the streets at night with lanterns on their heads, or to stand at equal distances, for the useful purpose of enlightening their countrymen and saving oil. Dr. Blinkensop concealed his mortification by discussing the Catoptrical mode of gathering, folding, breaking, and bundling, sun and moon beams, to answer the purposes of a kitchen-fire; suggesting that this kind of solar cookery would be very convenient to the Arctic navigators, if their fuel should be exhausted.

Upon our arrival at my chambers our Islander, who calls himself Neonous, was more particularly introduced to me as his future host and cicerone; and expressed his courteous disposition by three low bows, and some obliging words, which, as his colony seems to have been founded by Englishmen of the last century, were probably derived from their customs. But he soon appeared most agreeably easy and familiar; and during supper, at which he ate with a voracity which astonished my butler, though he once waited at the Lord Mayor's feast, he addressed me with all the nonchalance of a Benchet who had eaten twenty terms with me, and begged me to tell him whether hanging was an agreeable sensation?—Now, though I understand the sensation created by a fall of stocks, by "crossing Oxford-street," and by being caught in the act of speaking to an ill-dressed friend, I could not profess any acquaintance with the sensation of hanging, though it is one peculiarly studied in the present age. "But, Sir," I said, "as the words of our language have undergone great and various misapplications, even in this country, the awkward word which signifies a very vul-

gar situation, may be used in your's to signify some polite amusement; as quizzing, hoaxing, and other elegant synonymes, have been borrowed from the dialect of thieves to enrich a gentleman's."—"Sir," replied Neonous, "I understand you are a barrister; and in my nation we hang an attorney three minutes, a conveyancer five, and a barrister a quarter of an hour, that they may fully estimate the sensation which a court of justice is apt to cause."—"O my good friend!" interposed Dr. Blinkensop, sparing me the difficulty of commenting on a point so nice, "such a regulation would be an infallible suspension of all talent at the bar. It is quite time enough when men deserve it." The Islander replied, with scholastic dignity, "Ah! there is the error of your English legislature. Prevention, doctor, prevention is the purpose of our laws. We hang them first, that they may not come to it at last: besides, when people have a propensity to oblique courses, it is wise to make them perpendicularly upright as soon as possible."

My guest arrived late on Saturday night, therefore I had no better amusement to afford him the next morning, than to take him to a fashionable church. When we came out, he looked round inquisitively, and whispered in my ear, "This is your great Sunday, I suppose; but where is your little every-day church?"—Having understood from my friend on board the *Isabella*, that the Arctic Islanders of his colony possessed a Greek bible which they seemed to worship, I could not comprehend his question, till he added, "We have at Neonousland, as you have here, a great government church, where they talk of patience, self-denial, sobriety, and a great many other fine things, but we have little ones also, where they teach what we really do, and therefore ought to learn every day in the best manner. You know, we make promises and vows to be rigidly just, faithful to our wives, and kind to our neighbours—That is all very well on great Sunday; but on little Sunday we Arctic Islanders learn the only practical part of our religion; that is—kindness to our neighbours, which consists, as you probably know,

in doing exactly as they do, and in general whatever is convenient."

I assured my visitor, that the customs of his island were entirely different from our's; that nobody presumed to give the soft names of "polite failings—youthful vivacities and trifling mistakes," to those actions which our avowed religion called crimes—that marriage in our nation was a venerable and unspotted institution, designed to give certain distinctions and privileges to virtuous mothers and their offspring, which could not be transferred by the help of a little gold to the basest courtizans.—"Our women," said I, "have a motive to be faithful and pure, because they know their purity will be remembered as the most honourable part of their descendants' inheritance, and they see by daily example, that children cannot be enabled by the sudden caprice or untimely penitence of their fathers to rejoice in the iniquity of their mothers, or to blame it only when it is not successful. Vice is so rare, that nearly twenty thousand papers circulate daily, whose chief attractions are the uncommon anecdotes of guilt which their publishers are obliged to invent, because they can hardly ever find sufficient true ones."

A newspaper in my barouche served to exemplify this truth, and to amuse Neonous during our drive through the Park, which did not interest him greatly, though he saw several persons whom he mistook for his countrymen, being deceived, perhaps, by their lethargic air and furred costume. Dr. Blinkensop enquired if the people of his island occupied themselves much in politics, and was answered, "Certainly!—but what we call politics is a great toy, forty times larger than your Kaleidoscope, and turned by every body which way they like best." Dr. B. carefully recorded this answer in his note-book, for the information of the literary societies throughout Europe, and as an unanswerable proof that Dr. Brewster did not invent the first kaleidoscope, whatever may be the testimony of his contemporaries. I questioned Neonous on the poetry of the Arctic Isles, having received a splendid offer from a fashionable publisher of twenty-pence per line for the first translation of a polar

poem—but he did not appear to comprehend me. When Dr. Blinkensop endeavoured to define poetry as a combination of beautiful ideas raised above common life, he only answered, “Then I know what poetry is, but we call it morality in our country.”

Having said this, he fell asleep; and my learned friend, raising his forefinger with a sign of caution and sagacity, drew from his folio memorandum-book a faded paper, which, as he whispered, had been found in the cabin allotted to Neonous on board the *Majestic*, and was probably a relic of the Greek literature conveyed to Neonousland by its first inhabitants. It was in the ancient Alexandrine character, as cut by Wynkyn de Worde in imitation of that valuable manuscript presented by Cyrillus Lucaris, patriarch of Alexandria, to King Charles I. in 1628. I have transcribed the first lines with all the accuracy in my power, and must confess that two of the characters strongly resemble an &c. though they are said to be the true Alexandrine alpha and sigma.

ΘΗ · · ΜΙΝΙΣΤΕΡΣΠΑΤ &c.

Σαίς η

Ἰ σ ἡ ἀ ἀνδύ καννοση · · · · ·

Σόμετραι τορσᾶρετρι ἰνυτῶ Βηγινα

Τυννελ φρομῆρε τὸ Σαιντληνα · · · · ·

Υάστ ὕας θήκρε κασοφ' μευξ ινατ

Ανδφρομδη κασμκαμταρατ

“Nobody,” said Dr. Blinkensop, putting on his spectacles, “can doubt the antiquity and Homeric origin of these lines—Observe the fine epic opening of the chief personage’s harangue, without preamble or peroration—

‘Says he,

‘I see a hand you cannot see!’

which also shews us the plagiarism committed by Tickell in the most admired verse of his exquisite ballad.”—“Under due submission to your superior knowledge,” said I, “I should be apt to think this a copy of the Romaic fragment communicated by M. Chateaubriand to Lord C.’s secretary, and said to be remarkably predictive of an event which happened lately on the banks of the Thames.”—“The Thames!” echoed my antiquary—“when did its banks ever produce such sublime projectors as the next lines describe—

Some traitors are trying to begin a
Tunnel from here to Saint Helena—

A project worthy the geniuses of ancient Greece. I have no doubt that future generations, when the revolutions of Nature have dried up the Atlantic, will discover traces of this work, which might be incredible if we had not seen the aqueducts of Rome and Attica. But here is a line full of dubitation, and by the hiatus in the manuscript it appears to have been added by some Arctic poet. It is highly natural that such a poet should derive his images from local objects; therefore I propose to translate it thus—

Vast as the kraken of Mezuat.—

“I admit the probability of your tunnel,” said I, “and have no doubt that it extended to the North-pole. Perhaps that would have been the easiest way of conveying our Arctic discoverers, and no violation of the maritime law, which extends only to the surface of things. However, you must allow me to say, I perceive no kraken in this line, nor did I ever see a name like Mezuat in any chart of those latitudes. I read it thus—

“Vast as the crack of Meux’s vat.”

—“That is not probable,” rejoined Blinkensop—“and yet it is possible that statesmen may have met last century, as they do now, to hold their consultations over a wine-vat, for I do not conceive that it could have been filled with beer. And as Smithfield was once a vineyard, it is credible that our celebrated distiller of malt may have had an ancestor who brewed wine. Pray proceed, Sir—what concludes the strophe?”

“And from the chasm came out—a—rat!”

“A rat!” exclaimed the Professor: “What titillates your risible muscles, my good friend? Why not a rat? Did not a mountain once bring forth a mouse? Have not rats been worshipped in the hither peninsula of India and the Isthmus between Asia and Africa? And in modern times, as the illustrious pupil of the erudite Sheridan has recorded, did not a rat,

“for want of stairs,

Come down a rope to say his prayers?”

Where is the miracle, then, if one should

come up to seek a place? for independent of his respectable black coat and reverend beard, he has all due requisites for one. Did not three rats empty a jar of oil by alternately dipping in their whiskers and regaling each other—whence, no doubt, Pope, alias Swift, derived that fine distich,

“This jelly’s good—that malmsey’s healing—
Pray dip your whiskers and”

The professor was interrupted by three Bow-street officers, who perceived red spots on his coat, and notwithstanding his asseverations that they proceeded from nitrous acid which he had used in extracting gas, he was conveyed away under suspicion of having aided a recent assassination. This fracas caused tumult enough to awaken Neonous: and his surprise was so loudly expressed, that his arrival from the Arctic regions began to be whispered, and the utmost skill of our charioteer could not preserve our residence from detection. In the evening of this Sunday I was alarmed by a visit from the principal of a polite establishment, requesting an introduction to my Arctic Islander, and offering him an engagement to instruct her pupils in the language and dances of his nation, at five guineas each lesson. She urged so strenuously the importance he would derive from making his *entré* at her house, and in her *society* (for school is an obsolete word), that I was compelled to assure her he visited England as a gentleman whose liberty and independence were guaranteed by my honour and his own wealth. The last words were convincing; and having intimated her readiness to educate any of his female relatives, she departed to spread the intelligence among her numerous friends. Neonous heard of her proposal without any change in the usual grave decorum of his face. “We have no such useless institutions in our country,” said he, “to teach our children grimaces and gambols; for our squirrel-apes are neither so mischievous nor so expensive: and as for morals, we always forbid them to do right, knowing they will do it through the spirit of contradiction.”

The preceptress was diligent in whispering her news; and several cards of invitation arrived to fashionable evening

parties. I was engaged to Lady Townly’s “at Home” on Monday, and intended him to accompany me in strict incognito, relying on the phlegm and apathy of his disposition to ensure a proper degree of *insonniance*, or easy negligence in his behaviour. And to prepare him for the dazzling effect of our beauties seated in all the glory of white satin, blond, and pink roses, I would have conducted him to the Exhibition, had not its season been past; but a fashionable portrait-painter’s gallery was open, and it seemed the best representation of that circle of living paintings called a party. Contrary to my expectance, he threw himself into such an attitude as I have seen in my grand-aunt’s picture of Celadon, and exclaimed, with great vehemence, “Kuryeleeson! kuryeleesonmow!”—Being requested to explain the meaning of these words, he answered very frankly, that he used them without knowing it, but believed they were the names of saints once worshipped by the ancestors of his colony. I informed him, that his ignorance what they meant rendered them proper enough for a polite expletive; but as they really implied an appeal for mercy, they were not so spirited as the delightful readiness for perdition expressed by an Englishman’s interjections. Neonous thanked me for the hint, and promised in future to employ as his conversation-oath a very powerful and sonorous word preserved by his country’s traditions, as one of those relics which I suppose to be of Greek literature.

“Shouldero’muttonacaponhalfagoose-pastyvenison.”

A magnificent compound, which every college-student will be able to analyse and digest. On our way to Lady Townly’s *conversazione*, I entreated him to suppress any sensations of surprise and admiration which her assembly might create—“not, my dear Neonous, because any symptoms of natural feeling would lessen your effect, for they would have the charm of novelty, and the justification of your recent arrival among us; but as it has been whispered that you possess the art of making diamonds by adding a proper proportion of carbonic gas to charcoal, such

symptoms might expose you to manœuvres.”—This last word required a very long explanation, which he heard with surprising coolness.—“Then,” said he, after a grave pause, “you permit two kinds of marriages, as we do. We keep the great one for rare occasions, and celebrate it as you have heard by the ordeal of fire and water; but the common kind is managed by manœuvres.”—“Is it possible that they exist even in your frozen region?”—“Where can they exist so properly? We see them every day among the Esquimaux savages. Each lover throws a hundred burnt sticks at his beloved, and she who can catch the most is the richest bride; which is what you call manœuvring, I suppose, in London.”—It was not necessary to explain that our system wanted the addition of sticks, which might be very appropriate among its contrivers; and after a few more cautions, we entered the rout—rather too early, perhaps, as it was scarcely midnight. Consequently the whole brilliance of the scene was not collected, and Neonous walked among the groupes of gazing belles with such placid indifference and easy languor, that one or two strangers mistook him for Sir Pertinax Townly himself, whose desire to see an Arctic Islander induced him to appear once in his wife’s company. When music began, I took the opportunity, as usual, of talking to my friends, and had answered a thousand questions before I perceived the subject of them walking with an air of great attention behind some lovely young women. Shocked at his danger, and at the ridicule such a proof of savage simplicity provoked, I went to observe his movements, and found he was employed, not in wonder and admiration, but in placing behind each of the enormous combs which supported the rear of their head-dresses, one of the gilt cards given by the polite preceptress whose visit I have mentioned, containing a long list of the sciences she taught.—“You told me these had been her pupils,” said Neonous very drily, in reply to my remonstrance—“why should they not carry with them advertisements of the graces they have acquired, and the price paid for them? especially as they seem

to have no other way of shewing that they know any thing of value.”—Tho’ such an expedient might be very useful to young women of fashion, whose accomplishments are invisible and unguessed, I was compelled to acquaint Neonous that his device might render a duel unavoidable.—“Whatever pastime is usual here will be agreeable to me!” replied my Arctic Islander, with a yawn, which was fortunately mistaken for a bass-accompaniment to the glee Lady Townly had begun: “Only tell me whether English duels are eaten in one, two, or three doses?”—I could only answer this question by asking another, and was informed that affairs of honour are decided in the polar regions by swallowing snow-balls, or by keeping the parties in ice two or three days.—When I expressed my surprise that they had none of the manly and elegant exercises called sparring, prize-fighting &c. he replied, “We make our physicians and surgeons fight sometimes, Sir, to prove their skill. The fittest persons to give and take wounds or bruises are those who know how to cure them. But I have carried many accounts of duels to the Moon’s morning-post office.”

These words fixed the attention of Lady Townly, who understands every science, as Dr. Donne once said of an ancient Englishwoman, “from predestination to skein silk.” She listened with rapturous astonishment to her Arctic visitor’s assurance that the lightness of their atmosphere rendered an ascent to the moon practicable, and that a lunarian mail was actually established in Neonousland.* He added, that a cylinder filled with oxygen would derive impetus enough from an air-gun of proportionable calibre, to transport us very far on the journey; and a pair of artificial wings, on the plan of those attached to Blanchard’s balloon, might effect the rest. The scientific belle was in ecstasies. She had lounged so often on the Steyne, and wearied herself so completely with gazing on pale faces in a pump-room, that a trip to the Moon promised a thousand novelties in addition

* Still greater was her delight when he recited a specimen of lunar poetry, which I have endeavoured to arrange in English verse, under the title of “The Arctic Moon.” [See Poetry, p. 407.]

to the splendid notoriety of such an achievement. If it should be successful, what intelligence she would bring to the philosophic world, what importations of gossamer gauze and spider-nets from the milliners of a lighter element, and what instructions to the Whip Club, and *Almanac des Gourmands*, respecting the newest flourish of a comet's drive, and the flavour of carp in the Moon's lakes ! To construct a balloon of sufficient diameter, I proposed to buy the canvas used in making the Temple of Concord a few years ago, or to form a collection of all the old silk parasols in the kingdom. Neonous remarked, that no cargo would be required, except a few phials of that celebrated German elixir which is said to answer all the purposes of meat and drink, as no inns can be found in the air ; cork hats, coats of Indian rubber, and head-dresses of spun-glass, or a little Tricosian fluid, as artificial appendages might be apt to change colour by the way. This hint alarmed the lady, and induced her to ask what kind of hair distinguished the Moon's people.—“Madam,” replied Neonous, very gravely, “in some of the lunar provinces they have no heads. The Moon is a kind of workshop, from whence Nature sends men like bundles of canes, to be headed with brass, gold, or tortoise-shell, in this world.”—Lady Townly cast a melancholy glance at her husband, which seemed to imply that she considered herself a twig of myrtle tied to a crab-stick ; while Sir Pertinax drily enquired if any trees ornamented the Moon, and how they grew.—“With their roots upwards, no doubt !” interposed his wife, “if they live upon air ; and if, as Fontenelle says, the atmosphere affords no rain, they are probably nursed by a steam-engine. Then, with

another expressive glance, she hoped the Moon contained an infirmary for fools, and was told that a larger planet seemed to be kept for their accommodation. In the eagerness of her enterprising spirit, she insisted upon shewing our Arctic philosopher a machine constructed by her father, my learned friend, Dr. Blinkensop. This machine, which for certain reasons he had placed on the roof of the house, resembled a canoe in shape ; and Lady Townly having conducted Neonous to view it, suggested that it might be attached to their balloon, to serve as the car or parachute. They seated themselves in it to consider and ascertain its fitness perfectly ; but at that unfortunate moment, Dr. Blinkensop being mentally agitated by the philosophical questions connected with the Arctic expedition, dreamed that the Isabella was split on an ice-rock. Starting up in his sleep, he ran to the roof, cut the ropes which held his new-invented life-boat, and the two projectors descended in it to the ground, as a Dutch philosopher once did in a boat which he had prepared for a second deluge. Sir Pertinax was rather surprised to find his wife had rolled from the roof to the area as safely in her canoe as a celebrated antiquarian is said to have fallen down stairs in a vase of true Pompeian clay. But our Arctic Islander's skull seems incurably fractured, though the Professor endeavoured to arrange the fragments according to the art of French chirurgery, and to cement them with Vancouver's iron glue. My only consolation is to preserve this history of the week he spent in London, and to translate the brief record of his colony's origin, which I received from him, and shall transmit to you as the last memorial of his existence. V.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, AND THE EMPEROR CHARLEMAGNE.

From the New Monthly Magazine, November 1818. [Concluded from p. 319.]

IN 806, Charlemagne caused (for he could not write) a will to be made, and signed by all the French nobility and the Pope, in which he divided his dominions among his three sons ; and what is very singular, he, in this testament, left to his people the liberty, af-

ter these Princes' deaths, of choosing their own sovereign, provided he were of the blood royal.

In 1097 and 1101, the Emperor Henry IV. made to the Assembly of States, at Aix, a pathetic speech on the rebellion of his eldest son, Conrad, and

engaged them to transfer his right of succession to his younger brother, Henry. This Prince, in consequence, bound himself to forbear, during the life-time of his father, from ever doing any thing against his authority, or interfering in the affairs of his government, whether in the empire, the Duchy of Franconia, or the hereditary dominions of his house. But as Conrad was seduced by the wily caresses of the celebrated Countess Matilda to forfeit his oath of allegiance to his father and his king, so was Henry tempted by ambition to do the same. When this rebellion took place, the Emperor was under the excommunication of the Pope, Pascal II. who absolved young Henry from his oaths of never undertaking any thing against the authority and interest of his father. That father endeavoured to recal him to his duty by the most touching remonstrances; but they made no impression on his unnatural son, who merely answered, that he could neither consider a person who was excommunicated as a father nor a sovereign. In a conference which afterwards took place between them, the son agreed to submit to his king, and to obtain for him the Pope's absolution; on which the Emperor disbanded his troops, when his treacherous son arrested him at Ingelheim, and after despoiling him of all his royal insignia, forced him to renounce all right to the empire. This miserable father made many attempts to regain it, but after some few successes his army was finally beaten by that of his son. In this extremity, he supplicated the Bishop of Spire to give him a prebendal stall in his cathedral, representing to him that, having studied, he was adequate to filling the office of lecturer, or that, as he had a good voice, he might perform as a sub-chanter, if he would allow him; but even these humble requests were refused: and thus abandoned by all the world, he died in great distress at Liege, after having sent to his son his sword and his crown. At Liege he was buried; but even there he was not allowed to rest, for the Pope's enmity followed him to that last asylum of the wretched, and he was by his orders disinterred and deprived, during five years, of the rights

of sepulture. At length, his son, disagreeing in his turn with the sovereign pontiff, thought proper, in defiance of his Holiness's power, to have the body of his father intombed in the vault of the Emperors at Spire.

This city fell into the disgrace of being put under the ban of the empire in 1598. This sentence was executed by the Electors of Cologne and Treves, with the Bishop of Liege. All the Protestant magistrates were displaced, and condemned to pay the expenses attending it, which not being able to perform, all the inhabitants professing that religion were driven from the city in 1605.

As the readers of Journals are as miscellaneous in character, taste, and mental acquirements, as the subjects of which those works are composed, this article may fall under the eye of one who may not have given much attention to the historic branch of literature—to such a person, a few more particulars relative to the mighty patron of the city of which we have treated, will therefore not be unacceptable.

It has been already observed that this celebrated hero was ignorant of the art of writing, yet he loved and cultivated the arts and sciences, and made the most strenuous efforts to spread them through his wide dominions. Besides a school at Paris, he established one in every Cathedral Church: at Rome also he founded a seminary, all which under his auspices and liberal care could not fail to prove the nurseries of learning.

His comprehensive mind and wakeful eye embraced all that could tend to enlighten, polish, and benefit his people; and even the church music came within his influence; for it was this Prince who introduced into France and Germany the Gregorian Chant; for the teaching of which he founded a school at Metz.

He gave German names to the months and the winds; devised ecclesiastical, as well as civil laws; among some of the latter is one which decrees that all the weights and measures throughout the Empire should be alike. The present mode of reckoning [by livres, sols, and deniers, was invented by

him, with difference, that the weight of his livre was real, while at this period it is merely nominal

The sumptuary laws which regulated the price of stuffs, and distinguished the rank and situation of individuals, by obliging them to wear a particular dress, also originated in him, and he wisely and leniently decreed that every soldier found drunk on duty should, for the future, drink nothing but water.

In the middle of the market-place at Aix-la-Chapelle, which is very spacious, and surrounded by handsome buildings, is a fountain built of blue stone, which from six pipes, throws water into a noble bason of marble, thirty feet in circumference. This fountain is surmounted by a fine statue of Charlemagne, of brass gilt, which represents him with a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other. The figure of this Emperor, it is said, surpassed in height and strength that of any person of his day, and when clad in his winter

dress, as described by Eginhard (his supposed son-in-law) must have exhibited a singular kind of savage grandeur.

It consisted of a doublet made of otter skins, over a tunic of cloth embroidered with silk; on his shoulders he wore a blue cloak of an inferior cloth, and for stockings, bands of different colours crossed over each other. There is little doubt but his cloak and tunic were made from wool of his daughters' spinning, to which employment he kept them most strictly. A statue of Charlemagne guards also one of the two springs which are in the lower part of the city of Aix; and over the other there is a statue of the Virgin Mary: these are for drinking; near which are several piazzas to walk in, between taking the different glasses. We now take leave of this gay place, which offers every accommodation for the invalid, and every amusement for those who are well.

CORNUCOPIA.

From the New Monthly Magazine, December, 1818.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

MADAME D'ARBLAY's productions have, there is little doubt, been considerably over-rated. That they contain many beauties no one will pretend to deny, and to the erroneous idea which she appears to entertain of human nature, must we alone ascribe the numerous vulgarisms which pervade them.

It is no less remarkable than true, that a piece full of marked characters will always be void of nature. The error into which Madame D'Arblay has fallen is that of dedicating too much of her time to making all her personages always talk in character; whereas in the present refined or depraved state of society, most people endeavour to conceal their defects rather than display them.

POLITENESS.

Sir Brooke Watson was an extremely polite man; and one who knew him well, upon hearing that he had lost a leg by the bite of a shark while bathing in the sea, exclaimed, "Ah! I can see how that was; if he had not staid to

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make a bow to the shark, the accident would never have happened."

DR. WATTS.

Dr. Watts was of so extremely mild a disposition, and so averse from dissension, that when reproached by a friend for not having severely reprimanded a man who had done him a serious injury, he exclaimed, "I wish, my dear sir, you would do it for me."

WOMAN.

Carcinnus, in Semele says, "Oh Jupiter, what evil thing is it proper to call woman?" Reply. It will be sufficient if you merely say *woman*! Hamlet exclaims, "Frailty, thy name is *woman*!" and Shakspeare elsewhere says, "She is the devil." Otway's Castalio, like a blubbering school-boy, who has been disappointed of his plaything, also bursts into the following splenetic recapitulation.

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman!
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
Who was't betrayed the Capitol?—a woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? a woman!

Who was the cause of a long ten years war,
That laid at last old Troy in ashes? woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman to man at first as a blessing given;
Happy awhile in paradise they lay,
But quickly *woman* longed to go astray;
Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
And the first devil she saw she changed her love!
To his temptations lewdly she inclined
Her soul; and for an apple damned mankind."

How often does *man*, with a strange and almost unaccountable perversity, abuse that in which he most delights, and mar the blessings which his Creator has provided for him! As the *gem* will commonly sink in our estimation when possessed, so the amiable qualities of woman dwindle into comparative nothingness when ungrateful man becomes more habituated to them. Who will deny that

The world was sad—the garden was a wild,
And *man* the hermit mourned till *woman* smiled!
Campbell.

Let us, then, believe that

All ill stories of the sex are false;
That *woman*, lovely woman! nature made
To temper man—we had been brutes without her.
Angels are painted fair to look like her;
There's in her all that we conceive of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love!

ANECDOTE OF MORLAND.

His conduct was irregular beyond all calculation, and all powers of description; and while the vigour of his genius and the soundness of his judgment never forsook him in a picture, they scarcely ever accompanied him in any other employment, action, or sentiment of his life. Capable of the most regular and profound reflection on every thing connected with his art, capable even of the clearest distinctions of moral rectitude he never appears to have dedicated a single leisure hour to sober conversation or innocent pleasantries, to any of the endearing intercourses of domestic or social life, or to any rational purpose whatever. He is generally acknowledged to have spent all the time in which he did not paint, in drinking, and in the meanest dissipations, with persons the most eminent he could select for ignorance or brutality; and a rabble of carters, ostlers, butchers' men, smugglers, poachers, and postillions, were constantly in his company, and frequently in his pay. He was found

at one time, we are told, in a lodging at Somers' Town, in the following most extraordinary circumstances:—His infant child, that had been dead nearly three weeks, lay in its coffin in one corner of the room; an ass and foal stood munching barley-straw out of the cradle; a sow and pigs were solacing in the recess of an old cupboard; and himself whistling over a beautiful picture that he was finishing at his easel, with a bottle of gin hung up on one side, and a live mouse sitting (or rather kicking) for his portrait, on the other!

INTRODUCTION OF THE UMBRELLA.

To Jonas Hanway, we owe the first introduction of this most useful article. He had seen it in his travels in Persia used as a defence against the burning rays of the sun; and converting it into a protection from the rain, was generally mobbed as he walked on a wet day thro' the streets of London. Now the poorest cottager frequently boasts the possession of a convenience, at that time an object of universal curiosity and wonder—a lesson this, not to be deterred from the introduction or adoption of a thing really useful, by the idle laugh of the ignorant and thoughtless.

LITERARY SHOEMAKERS!

The fraternity of shoemakers have, unquestionably, given rise to some characters of great worth and genius. The late *Mr. Holcroft* was originally a shoemaker, and though he was, unhappily, at the beginning of the French revolution, infected with French principles, yet he was certainly a man of great genius, and, on the whole, a moral writer. His dramatic pieces must rank among the best of those on the English stage. *Robert Bloomfield* wrote his poem of the "The Farmer's Boy," while employed at this business, and *Dr. William Carey*, Professor of Sanscrit and Bengalee, at the college of Fort William, Calcutta, and the able and indefatigable translator of the Scriptures into many of the eastern languages, was in early life a shoemaker in Northamptonshire. The present *Mr. Gifford*, the translator of Juvenal, and the supposed editor of the Quarterly Review, spent some of his early days in learning the "craft and mystery" of

a shoemaker, as he tells us, in one of the most interesting pieces of auto-biography ever penned, and prefixed to his nervous and elegant version of the Great Roman Satirist.

CONVIVIALITY.

It was said by the ancients, that to enjoy the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul," the party should never be more than the Muses or less than the Graces. The "*deliciæ amantium*" must surely then have been either unknown or unfashionable, for what two lovers in an agreeable *tete-a-tete* would be anxious for an augmentation of their number?

DIFFIDENCE IN CONVERSATION ACCOUNTED FOR.

That excessive diffidence, that insurmountable shyness, which is so apt to freeze the current of conversation in England, has been very correctly accounted for by Cowper, who says,

Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.

COWPER'S TRANSLATION.

Though Cowper in his translation of Homer has been too literal, and inattentive to the melody of his versification, he has infused much more of the simple majesty of the divine Bard than his predecessor Pope, who appears to have wielded the sword of Alexander throughout, and to have *cut*, rather

than *unravelled* the GORDIAN knots to be met within his original.

HOPE.

Though Hope is a flatterer, she is the most uninterested of all parasites, for she visits the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

ANECDOTE OF THOMAS SHERIDAN,

The only son of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He early entered the army, and Lord Moira, then commander-in-chief in Scotland, appointed him one of his aides-de-camp. Having contracted the habit of keeping bad hours, the noble Earl exposed the impropriety of such conduct in the following very gentle, but most effectual way. In the capacity of aide-de-camp, the young man resided in the splendid mansion of his patron; and one evening his lordship, purposely sending all the servants to bed, sat up himself till four or five in the morning, when Mr. Sheridan, who happened to be the junior officer on his staff, returned in *high spirits*, from a ball. He was not permitted to knock long, for his illustrious commander obeyed the first summons with the utmost promptitude, and going down with a couple of candles, ceremoniously lighted the astonished subaltern to his bed-chamber.—*Pan.*

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

From the Literary Gazette.

OBSERVATIONS INTRODUCTORY TO A WORK
ON ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY. BY JOHN THOMSON, M.A.S. LONDON 1818.

REVIEWERS are very often sadly baulked in taking up books with captivating titles, and, though anonymous, hinted to have been written by such or such a popular author, which, on perusal, they find to be very dull and vapid stuff. And it is seldom that they are compensated for these annoyances by reverse cases:—What are called familiarly "*agreeable disappointments*" rarely fail to their lot, and works with ominously heavy names, generally true to promise, preserve the character most faithfully throughout their contents.

The publication before us is a marked exception to the rule. The *Diversions of Purley* proved that Etymology might be rendered an entertaining subject, but we had no conception of the quantity of amusement which it was capable of having mixed up with its curious information till we read these 52 pages.

Strictly speaking, we do not consider the production to be what it purports; at least, it is not a regular introduction to any work on Etymology, since we are so little *introduced* to the plan in contemplation as to be unable to tell our readers (further than our first extract conveys) what are its outlines, extent, or precise nature. Mr. Thom-

son seems rather to have launched this small balloon experimentally, before he commits himself to an ascent in the large one. He has given us a desultory display of his powers,—demonstrating his capacity for the proposed labour, by his knowledge of languages, by his acuteness of research, by his chastised soundness of judgment, and by his various and comprehensive intelligence. If we may form an opinion from the sample, we will predict that the forthcoming work will leave us nothing to regret that Horne Tooke never completed his undertaking and will be in itself an extraordinary performance, at once honourable to its author, delightful to the public, and eminently useful to the Etymologist, Antiquarian, and Scholar.

Having mentioned that this specimen is of a desultory nature, it will follow that our review of it will partake of the same character. We might indeed systematize, but the opposite mode will convey a more just idea of the original, and we (consulting as well our own ease) adopt it.

The English language is derived from the Gothic and Celtic, chiefly through the Anglo-Saxon and French dialects: and the object proposed is to trace the probable origin of British words, to mark their adventitious changes, and indicate their principal analogies.*

The Gallic Celts were more remarkable for their variable pronunciation and mutation of letters (great causes of obscurity in etymological inquiries) than even the Welsh and Irish. The Latin *barba*, the beard, was with them *barf*, *varef*, *bary*, *parw*, *warf*: the Gascons were *Vascons*, *Wassones*, *Bascons*, and *Biscayans*. *H*, *g*, and *c*, when initial letters, were generally confounded among the Celts, by indistinct guttural sounds to produce energy; but *k* has frequently taken their place in modern days, since they became objectionable for their harshness. The intermutations of *p*, *q*, *c*, *h*, and *k*, are very extraordinary. *P*, reversed, appears to have formed *q*, which probably was introduced into the alphabet at a later date. - - -

Allowing for such singularities, the affinity of European language is observable in the *qui*, *quæ*, *quod*, of the Latin, which takes *cui* in the dative case; the Irish *ci*, *ce*, *ciod*; the Greek *ποιος*, *ποιη*, *ποιον*; the Æolian *κοιος*, *κοιη*, *κοιον*; the Armoric and Welsh, *pi*, *pa*,

piad, or *pibeth*; the Gothic *hua*, *hy*, *huad*; Saxon *hwa*, *hwe*, *hwat*; Danish *hwo*, *hwilk*, *hwad*; Belgic *wie*, *wilk*, *wat*. And in our ancient *quho*, *quich*, *quilk*, *quhat*, together with the modern *who*, which, what, seem to be included both the Celtic and Gothic pronunciations. - - - Similar mutations have crept into French, as *escume* for *spuma*; while in English *cod*, a husk, is *pod*; and our term *peep* in all the Northern dialects is *keek*, from the Gothic *ge auga*, to eye. The Gothic or Saxon name for a grasshopper is *lopust*, the leaper, from which the Latins seem to have formed *locusta*; and our lobster is their sea-locust. This perversion extended to other remote nations; for the Christians of Abyssinia, or more properly Habish, say *Ketros* for St. Peter. - - -

Some races of men discover unaccountable aversion to particular letters, and predilection for others: of which *R* and *L* are examples. The former is entirely excluded in favour of the latter by the Chinese, who say *Fu lan sy*, and vulgarly *Plance*, for France. The Portuguese say *milagre* for miracle; the Italians *rosignuolo* for the Latin *lusciniola*, a nightingale; and the French *orme* is the Latin *ulmus*.

The Celtic language, including the Hellenic Greek, and Latin or Æolian dialects, is supposed to have been general throughout Europe, prior to the irruptions of those hordes named *Pelasgi*, Πελασγοι, the neighbouring country, or *Pelagæotæ*, perhaps Φυλαγγηται, the Gothic tribe, who were called by the Asiatics the red-haired people; and its affinity to the Arabic, Hebrew, and Phœnician, like that of the Gothic to the Sanscrit and the ancient Persian, has been generally admitted. The first establishment of those invaders was said to have been *Argos*, the white, or town of fair men, and the name afterwards extended to the whole of Greece. That particular race may still be distinguished in Sweden, Saxony, Hanover, and some smaller districts, such as Darmstadt, whose lofty stature and flaxen hair indicate a different descent from the cross made, swarthy inhabitants of Hesse Cassel, Bavaria, and Suabia; while an evident mixture is observable among the English, Belgians, Danes, and Prussians. - - -

On the other hand, the Goths denominated themselves *Gaut* or *Gautr*, *Got*, *Jot* or *Jotun*, which they consider as a mere difference in pronunciation, meaning, like *riess* or *russ*, powerful men, giants, or warriors. The formation of their name may be traced with some probability from the Gothic *A*, to have or possess, which produced, *aud*, *aut*, Swedish *od*, Saxon *ead*, Teutonic *od* and *ot*; all of them signifying wealth, power, happiness, riches, beatitude; and hence were apparently derived our words *God* and *good*: the Latin *bonus* signifies good, rich; *dives*, *divus*, opulence and divinity. The Greek Πλουτος, also, was wealth and Pluto, known to the Goths as *Audin* or *Odin*, the Persian *Aydun*, Hebrew *Adoni*, the Almighty, whom the Syrians called *Mammon*. The chief who conducted the Goths into Scandinavia, appears by his Gothic names *Odin*, *Wodan*, and *Godan*, to have been confounded with the Deity, because his name, like the Persian *Udu*, the Gothic *Aud*, denoted power; as the arabic *Akbar* is applied to designate

* It is singular that at this very time M. Von Wölker, Private Secretary to Prince Esterhazy, at Vienna, is preparing for the press an Etymological Dictionary, upon a most extensive plan, in which he has been engaged more than twelve years. Von Wölker is said to be an accomplished scholar, and perfectly conversant with all the dialects of Germany, as well as the Anglo-Saxon and Slavonian tongues.
Editor.

God or a mighty prince in the sense of our word Lord. The Bodh, Voda, or Vøgd, of the Indians, Tartars, and Russians, the But, Bud, Wud, of the Persians and idolatrous Arabs, the Qad or Khoda of all the tribes from Turkey throughout Tartary, the Godami of the Malays and Ceylonese, appear to be merely different pronunciations of Wodan, especially as bodh or boodh in Sanscrit and the common dialects of Hindoostan is used for our Wednesday or Odin's day. - - - - -

The Goths not merely in name, but from speech, manners, country, and their own tradition, were the Getæ of ancient authors, better known to us with the article prefixed, as Sgetæ, Scacæ, or Scythians. Scandinavia, the Skanisk or Scaniza of Jornandes, the Skagan of the Goths, signifying a shelving shore, is applied to the extremity of Jutland at the entrance into the Baltic sea; and the modern Scania, the southernmost coast of Sweden, may have been Skagen idun, to which the Latin termination was annexed. There they distinguished themselves after their relative positions, as Normen, Suddermen, Austrgautr, Westrgautr, Danen, and Saxon, which in our language would be northmen, southmen, east-Goths, west-Goths, islanders, and sea-borderers. The Goths used Sun as well as Sud for the south, and called the Swedes, Suens, or Soenski, the Latin Sueones. The Gothic eyna, ðn, Danish oen, islands, with the article de, our the, would be *de on*, the islands, and denote the aquatic territory of the Danes, called Dænmark in Saxon; the Gothic mark, marz in Persian, being our march, a boundary. *Ion*, the island, is *Jona*; and *mi on*, the middle island, *Mona*.

The inhabitants of Germany were in speech Goths, particularly the Teutons, whose proper name was Thiuden, from the Gothic thiod or tiød, folk, subjects, people; and thus Suithioden, the south nation or Sudermannia, was Sweden. The Thiudans or Teutons seem therefore to have been colonists from the Goths in general; and Thiodsk, now pronounced Teudsh or Teutch throughout Germany, Tudeschi in Italy, and by us Dutch, means strictly belonging to the nation.

The Vandals apparently were not known till a later date. Their name originated in the Gothic vanda, from which we have our verbs to wend and to wander, converted by the Teutons into Vandel; a name which designated some hordes of emigrants, compelled by over population to leave their native soil in quest of new possessions.

Having, with the powerful aid of etymology, defined the countries and boundaries of the Gothic tribes, our author proceeds to illustrate, by many remarkable examples, the influence which their gradual progress over the South and West had upon the Celtic language. It would swell this notice to a great length, were we to indulge ourselves as much as we wish in transcribing these examples:—we must be content with abridging a few of them.

The Gothic Flalander, Flat-lander, is Flanders; and its inhabitants Flamen, or Flamensk, men of the flat or plain, Flemmings.

The Gothic gauw or gow, properly a meadow, although sometimes used, like the Persian gaw, for a vale, was converted into the Latin govía, in the names of many places bordering on streams of water, whence Brisgaw, Turgaw, in Germany; and Glasgow, Linlithgow, in Scotland.

From Brik, Brok, braccæ (gothic,) the break, breech, division, or fork of the body, the clothing called breeches, are derived; and brek or bragd, also signifying to stripe or variegate, the probable distinction of these ancient warriors in their dress, we can trace the now common phrase "*of wearing the breeches*," to the wear of that party-coloured garment which was an emblem of superior rank and authority.

Our court of Hustings is the Gothic hus thing, the aulic forum; and the Yorkshire riding, rett or ried thing, a judiciary meeting. Thing corrupted into hing, and ing by the Saxons, may be traced in the names of many places,* such as Reading, Lansing, for landsthing: and our lath, a district, is merely the Saxon leth contracted from Lathing, a law court with the portion of territory within its jurisdiction.

The Gothic Lud-wig, renowned warrior, was Hludivig, or Hluwig in Saxon, and formed the low Latin Chlodovicus or Ludovicus, which became successively Cloud, Clovis, and Louis, with the French.

Various etymons have been assigned for Britain without any advertence to the word bro, so universal among the Celts of our islands and of Gaul, where it is also pronounced bru or broed; which, like the Syriac baro, Gothic byr, signifies a populated country. The Armoricans now call England bro saos, the land of the Saxons; and the Welsh and Irish have the term in common use, saying bro aeg, a country accent, or brogue; brúaidh, a compatriot; and broed dyn, a countryman or Briton; tan, in both Irish and Welsh, is an extended or flat territory; so that broed tan, like Gaul, might have served to distinguish the plain from the mountainous country, until time had rendered the name general to the whole Island.

The Welsh Prydan, for Britain, from the Gothic prydd, beautiful, adorned, was only used poetically.

The Hebrew pinnah, *פִּנָּה*, modern Greek bouuo, and Celtic pen, signify a mountain or cliff; and the Latin pinna, in some cases, has the same meaning: while the Portuguese pinna is more particularly applied to a serrated ridge or hill. Albion may therefore have been the albæ pinnae or white cliffs: unless confounded with Albany, which, as it would seem, denoted exclusively the highlands of Scotland. The Welsh al pen and Irish al ben correspond with the Latin altæ pinnae, high mountains, Alpennines, Alps. Breadalbane, from the foregoing etymons, is therefore the Irish brúaidh al ben, the region of lofty hills; and Hispania may thus have been Hispena, a corrupt pronunciation of Cispinna by the Latin colonists on that side of the Pyrennees. Cale was the ancient name of Oporto; and the surrounding dis-

* *Worthing* seems to preserve the original.

trict being formed into a sovereignty was called Porto Cale, corrupted into Portugal.

The Scots and Picts were no doubt originally the same people: but a considerable change in their language and manners was afterwards effected by fortuitous circumstances and different pursuits. It is well known that, ever since the earliest ages of our history, adventurers from the shores of Scandinavia made annual excursions into Ireland and Scotland, to plunder cattle for their winter subsistence. On such predatory warfare were founded the poems ascribed to Ossian or O'sian; a word which, in Irish and Gothic, is the man of song. Homer also signifies the hymner, poet, or psalmist, and both, apparently were imaginary persons, to whom the genuine poetry of the times was ascribed by traditionary consent. These Gothic freebooters, called Scouts or Scots, from the nature of their visits, gave occasion to the Irish, who still understand Scuite as a wanderer or pillager, to extend the name to adventurers from Spain or whatever other country. Their boats were also known in Gothic as skiota, Islandic skuta, Swedish skiut or skuta, Belgic schuit, Saxon skyte, a scout boat; and the Welsh evidently considered the Scots and Picts as the same race, for with them Peithas (Pictish) signified also a scout boat.

There are some further very curious inquiries concerning Scotland and Ireland, but we must refer to Mr. Thomson's Essay for them, and hasten to draw these remarks to a conclusion.

LONDON, in both Welsh and Armoric, is *lyn din*, the lake or pool city. The word *din* or *dinas*, in this composition, is the Hebrew *dun*, Goth *tun*, Irish *dun*, a town: and *lin*, in nearly all the Gothic and Celtic dialects, is a pool. EDINBURGH is *idun* (gothic,) a mountain or precipice, and *burgh* a city. DUBLIN, the Irish *Dubh linne*, or black pool, corresponds exactly with its Welsh name of *Du lyn*, from *dubh*, or *du*, Hebrew *deio*, Gothic *dauk*, Teutonic *dub*, black, and *lin*, as in the formation of London, a pool.

We did not guess before that the first syllable of the English, and the last of the Irish capital, were the same!

We could further enrich our pages with what we deem very interesting matter from this publication; but it is so much within the reach of all readers, and opens so wide a field for research and speculation—besides being the promise of a larger and more important work—that we have the less regret in taking leave of it, in the confident expectation that our quotations, however unconnected, will excite a strong desire in the public to peruse the original. It will not disappoint expectation.

THE DRAMA.

From the Literary Gazette.

DRURY LANE, DEC. 5, 1818.

ON Thursday, a new Tragedy, entitled 'BRUTUS, or the Fall of Tarquin,' from the pen of Mr. John H. Payne,* was produced at this Theatre. As far as can be gathered from a first representation, it was successful; as scarcely a token of disapprobation was heard during the performance, and some particular scenes were rewarded with "the most rapturous applause." The story of Brutus has been frequently dramatized, and the Author of the present Tragedy has so liberally availed himself of the labours of his predecessors, as to render his work in several parts rather a Cento than an original production. He has, however, considerable merit in adapting the whole for the stage, as well as in the higher character of a Poet, where his own composition appears.

The play commences with the assumed idiotism of Lucius Junius, who, on the murder of his father and his elder brother by Tarquin, counterfeits the fool, and is received into the family of the King, to make mirth for the young princes. Tullia, the Queen, is left by Tarquin the Proud, (then absent with his army before Ardea) Regent of Rome. Alarmed by dreams and portents, she sends for Lucius Junius from the camp, that a watchful eye may be kept over him, but when he arrives, she is disarmed of her terrors by his grotesque answers, and orders that he shall be called Brutus, from the re-

* A native of Boston, New-England.

semblance which the want of reason gives him to a Brute. The first act closes with a scene between the Princess Tarquinia, and Titus, the son of Brutus, in which it appears that Titus has gained great favour at the court, and has formed an attachment for Tarquinia which is favourably returned. In the second act, the young Princes and Collatinus, are discovered in the tent of Sextus. They converse on their opinions of the female character, and being thence led into the famous wager concerning their wives, they post away and find Lucretia surrounded by servants, employed in household duties at Collatia. Sextus is inflamed by her beauty. He determines to return privately at the first opportunity. He does so; and in a scene of tempest and lightning, where Brutus is discovered, Sextus enters muffled, having accomplished his infamy, and laughingly makes it known to Brutus, who then throws off the mask, bursts forth in his real character, and rushes to Collatia, where he arrives just after Lucretia's death, which he swears to avenge. The body is borne to the Forum. Brutus addresses the people. They revolt. The palace is stormed, and its walls shattered. Brutus condemns Tullia to be taken to Rhea's Temple, where the body of her murdered father is deposited. She is horror-struck at the idea, and swears, if dragged thither, to starve herself to death. She appears in the temple, mad. She fancies she hears groans from the portal of the Tomb, which she forces open, and there dis-

covering the monumental figure of Servius Tullius, recoils, fancying in her frenzy that it is his Spectre, and dies.

In the meantime, Tarquinia reminds Titus of his pledge. Titus is induced to join a party for the liberation of Tarquinia, and attempts to escape with her to the camp, at Ardea. They are detected, intercepted, Titus is condemned by his father as a traitor, and the play terminates with the death of Titus.

Thus it appears that the minor plot is of equal interest and force to the major; and as they are not skilfully interwoven, the blemish is the more tiresome to the spectator. Premising that the scenery was very effective, we proceed to notice the acting.

Kean seemed to conceive the part allotted for him very justly; but he proved miserably deficient in his voice, particularly in his oration over the dead body of Lucretia. His best acting was when (in the second act) he meets with Tarquin, who recounts his infamous adventure---his passionate exclamations, and the curses he bestows on him, were given in a fine style, and quite electrified the house; the scenes also between Brutus and his son Titus, were given with a good deal of nature,---but according to the historical character of Brutus, he ought to have continued to the last the inflexible patriot that would not suffer the ties of nature to have the least effect on him, whereas, according to the Actor or Author, Brutus possessed the finest feelings of a father, and was overwhelmed with grief in parting from his son before he pronounced judgment against him. There was also too much time taken up in this interview. The destruction of Tarquin's palace is well managed. It is so constructed that the large stones and fragments of the building are literally strewn

all over the stage, and it falls with a tremendous crash, while the burning buildings in the distance produce a grand effect, as their flames reflected on the glittering spears and banners of the army of Brutus.

Of the literary character of this play we shall probably say more in a future Number.

TUMBLING.

On Monday, Harlequin Gulliver was revived, in order to afford an opportunity for a celebrated French tumbler to exhibit feats "which have delighted and astonished all the courts of Europe"!! The audience at Covent Garden seemed to have some objection to be delighted and astonished, and there was a good deal of disapprobation expressed against the conversion of the National Theatre into a Mountebank's Booth. This objection however is not, as a painter would say, in keeping. Too much spectacle, pantomime, and buffoonery, is connived at, to make it at all reasonable to oppose any one member of the general system; and if we are to have such entertainments for grown-up people, without waiting for the excuse of Christmas, we may just as well have tumblers as posture-masters. Monsieur Mahier's jumps and gambols finally triumphed, and the applause he very generally received, shewed that "all the courts of Europe" had not been so silly as might have been thought from the terms in the play-bill. This person has been a great favourite among the French minor and provincial theatres, and we observe that the Paris Journals announce that he and Monsieur Chalon do not intend returning "till Christmas, laden with guineas"! Having delighted all the Sovereigns of Europe, it is but a reciprocity that these meritorious men should be delighted with our sovereigns.

THE NATURALIST'S DIARY,

FEBRUARY, 1819.

From the London Time's Telescope, 1819.

IN the course of this month God, as the Psalmist expresses it, 'renews the face of the earth;' and animate and inanimate nature seems to vie with each other in opening the way to spring. The woodlark (*atauda arborea*), one of our earliest and sweetest songsters, renews his note.

The few fine days towards the latter end of this month afford many opportunities of cultivating our knowledge of Nature, even in her minutest works.

Some particulars of the severity of the winter in Russia, Sweden, &c. have already been related in our former volumes; we shall now give a short account of this season in Spitzbergen.

The single night of this dreadful country begins about the 30th of October; the Sun then sets, and never ap-

pears till about the 10th of February. A glimmering, indeed, continues some weeks after the setting of the Sun: then succeed clouds and thick darkness, broken by the light of the Moon, which is as luminous as in England, and, during this long night, shines with unfailing lustre. The cold strengthens with the new year; and the Sun is ushered in with an unusual severity of frost. By the middle of March, the cheerful light grows strong; the arctic foxes leave their holes; and the sea-fowl resort, in great multitudes, to their breeding places. The sun sets no more after the 14th of May; the distinction of day and night is then lost.

In the height of summer, the Sun has heat enough to melt the tar on decks of ships; but from August its power declines: it sets fast. After the middle

of September, day is hardly distinguishable, and, by the end of October, takes a long farewell of this country: the days now become frozen, and winter reigns triumphant.

Earth and soil are denied to the frozen region of Spitzbergen: at least the only thing which resembles soil is the grit worn from the mountains by the power of the winds, or the attrition of cataracts of melted snow: this, indeed, is assisted by the putrefied lichens of the rocks, and the dung of birds, brought down by the same means. The composition of these islands is stone, formed by the sublime hand of omnipotent Power; not fritted into segments, transverse or perpendicular, but cast, at once, into one immense and solid mass. A mountain, throughout, is but a single stone, destitute of fissures, except in places cracked by the irresistible power of frost, which often causes lapses, attended by a noise like thunder, and scattering over their bases rude and extensive ruins.

The vallies, or rather glens of this country, are filled with eternal ice or snow. They are totally inaccessible, and known only by the divided course of the mountains, or where they terminate in the ice-bergs or glaciers. No streams water their dreary bottoms; and even springs are denied. The mariners are indebted for fresh water solely to the periodical cataracts of melted snow in the short season of summer, or to the pools in the middle of the vast fields of ice.

Yet even here, Flora deigns to make a short visit, and to scatter a scanty stock over the bases of the hills: her efforts never rise beyond a few humble herbs, which shoot, flower, and seed, in the short warmth of June and July, and then wither into rest until the succeeding year. Among these, however, the salubrious scurvy grass, the resource of distempered frames, is providentially most abundant.

Where the countries have been long inhabited, in all the arctic coasts of Europe, Asia, and America, the natives, with very few variations and exceptions, seem to be a distinct species both in body and mind, and not to be derived from the adjacent nations, or any of

their better proportioned neighbours. Their stature is from four to four feet and a half, and their skins are swarthy. From use, they run up rocks like goats, and up trees like squirrels. They are so strong in the arm, that they can draw a bow which a stout Norwegian can hardly bend; yet lazy even to torpidity, when not incited by necessity; and pusillanimous and nervous to a hysterical degree. These are the natives of Finmark and Lapland. The coasts east of Archangel, as far as the river Oby, are inhabited by the Samoeids; a race as short as the Laplanders, but much uglier, and more brutalized; their food being the carcasses of horses, or any other animals. They use the reindeer to draw their sledges, but are not civilized enough to make it a substitute for the cow.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream

Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
And half-enlivened by the distant Sun,
That rears and ripens man as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in eaves,
Here, by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer
They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till morn, at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered savage to the chase.

The flowers of the crocus (*crocus vernus*) appear this month, before the leaves are grown to their full length. The vernal and autumnal crocus have such an affinity, that the best botanists only make them varieties of the same genus. Yet the vernal crocus expands its flowers by March at farthest, often in very rigorous weather, and cannot be retarded but by some violence offered: while the autumnal crocus, or saffron, alike defies the influence of the spring and summer, and will not blow till most plants begin to fade, and run to seed.

Say, what impels, amid surrounding snow,
Congealed, the crocus' flamy bud to flow?
Say, what retards, amid the summer's blaze,
Th' autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days?
The God of seasons, whose pervading power
Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower;
He bids each flower his quickening word obey;
Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay.

WHITE.

DESCRIPTION OF FOREST TREES.

BEECH (*fagus sylvatica*.) — The beech is the most beautiful tree our island produces. In stateliness and grandeur of outline, it vies with the oak. Its foliage is peculiarly delicate and pleasing to the eye, and therefore preferable to the lime, for ornamental plantations, particularly in parks, where the mast, in fruitful years, will be serviceable to the deer: its branches are numerous and spreading, and its stem grows to a great size.

The bark is extremely smooth and silvery, which, together with the elegance of its foliage, gives a pleasing neatness and delicacy to its general appearance.* Beeches thrive best on calcareous hills. They have been found at the height of 5,132 English feet, on some of the Alpine mountains.

In Hereford and Monmouthshire, the beech is converted into charcoal; and, in several countries, its leaves are used for beds, instead of feathers. The wood of this tree is almost as necessary to the cabinet-makers and turners of the metropolis, as oak is to the ship-builder.

The nuts or mast of the beech afford food for deer, swine, squirrels, &c.

* *The BEECH TREE'S PETITION.*

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though bush or flow'ret never grow
My dark, unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmur'ing tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me;
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintery wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that love hath whispered here,
Or beauty heard with ravished ear;
As love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

T. Campbell.

When these nuts are eaten by the human species, they occasion giddiness and headache; but after being well dried and ground, they have been found to make wholesome bread; and have also occasionally been roasted, and used as a substitute for coffee.

Beech mast oil, expressed from the mast, after it has been shelled and pounded, is used in many parts of France and Silesia instead of butter; according to some accounts, it is little inferior to oil of olives.

The thickness of the foliage of the beech, and the wide spreading of its branches, which invited the shepherds of Italy to repose beneath its shade, during the heats of noon, are twice introduced into the beautiful scenery of Virgil's *Eclogues*, in lines familiar to most of our readers. The use of its smooth and green bark, for receiving inscriptions from the 'sylvan pen of lovers,' is noticed by the same poet. Ovid, in his *Epistle from CEnone to Paris*, refers to the custom, line 21, and adds the beautiful thought of the name of the fair-one growing and spreading with the growth of the tree:—

The beeches, faithful guardians of your flame,
Bear on their wounded trunks CEnone's name;
And as the trunks, so still the letters grow:
Spread on; and fair aloft my titles show.

The wood of the beech was formerly, as at present, made into cups and bowls, which received an additional value from the hands of the carver.—(See Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, 36.)

BIRCH, *Common* (*betula alba*).—The birch will grow in forests where no grass appears, among bogs and mosses, and on the sides of mountains, where its light pendent foliage, mingled with the fir and mountain-ash, constitutes some very pleasing woodland scenery. Some of the most gloomy and desolate scenes in North Wales are enlivened by the appearance of the birch.

The common birch is easily propagated, either from seeds or layers, and will flourish in most soils.

The wood of this tree was, in antient times, used for the construction of boats, and at present, on account of its hardness, is employed, in the north of

Europe, for making carriages and wheels. In France, it is generally used for wooden shoes; and in England, for women's shoe heels, travelling boxes, &c.; it also affords very good fuel. In Sweden, it is employed for covering houses, and is very durable. On deeply wounding or boring the trunk of this tree, in the beginning of spring, a sweetish juice exudes in large quantities; and one branch alone will yield a gallon in a day. This juice is recommended in impurities of the blood. By proper fermentation, and with the addition of sugar, it makes a pleasant wine.

Evelyn, in recording the numerous uses of the birch, thus sums up the long catalogue:—"To say nothing of the magisterial fasces, for which, antiently, the cudgels were used by the lictor, for lighter faults; as now the gentler rods by our tyrannical pædagogues."

Birch-trees, when old, have their bark rough and indented. 'What a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch,' says Swift, struck with its glossy bark, so distinguishable from every other. The beauty of its branches and foliage induced our ancestors to adorn their festivals with it. 'It serveth well,' says Gerard, 'to the decking up of houses and banqueting rooms, for places of pleasure, and for beautifying of streets, in the cross and gang (procession) weeke.'

The birch is of very extensive use

in those northern countries where no other deciduous tree will grow to any size. The wood is applied to various domestic purposes: the Tartars, and other neighbouring nations, cover their huts with its bark; and the navigators of the Volga construct portable boats, cradles, vessels, &c. from the same materials. It serves the North American Indians for canoes, and upon it plans of their travels are drawn. But the birch is so necessary to the Laplander, that he could scarcely exist without it. Of the outer bark, when cut into thongs and interwoven, they make fishing-shoes, ropes, baskets, and many other utensils: it affords, also, an excellent cloak, with which the head is covered as a defence against rain.

The dwarf-birch (*betula nana*,) a plant confined to cold countries, and found only in the northern part of our island, is also highly serviceable to the Laplander, though a humble shrub scarcely two feet in height. For the ptarmigan (*tetrao lagopus*,) the only bird who does not migrate southward during winter, lives under the snow on the seeds and catkins of this plant for many months in the year, and supplies the Laplander with a principal part of his food during autumn and winter. The branches piled up regularly, and covered with the skin of a rein-deer, form his bed at home, and only seat. He also burns the shrub, which, by its constant smoke, drives away the gnats, the chief annoyance of the Laplander.

VARIETIES.

From the Literary Gazette.

CELESTIAL APPARITION.

If our readers can put faith in the annexed story, we shall never hear more of that bourn whence no traveller returns; should they be incredulous, we trust it will amuse them, as it has us, by its quaintness and originality. It would be well perhaps for sober sense, that whenever

—"Well attested, and as well believed,
Heard solemn goes the goblin story round;
Till superstitious horrors creep o'er all"—

the fabric of heated imagination could be as distinctly traced and attributed to the workings of a vivid dream, as in the present instance. The manner in which the poor widower describes his visitation, has we think, enough of the entertaining in it

to entitle it to a place among the less grave matters with which we are in the practice of diversifying, and we hope enlivening, the pages of the Literary Gazette.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

HAVING cast a cursory glance over some of your latter Numbers, in which I accidentally perceived a narrative of an "Apparition of Captain Campbell," I am induced to send you the following singular story. I must however premise that the letter from which I am about to copy, was written to a most intimate friend of mine, by

one of the first literary characters of the day, who himself prefaces the account with the following observations. I copy from his own hand writing.

"Of the truth or falsehood of the following narrative," writes the gentleman alluded to, "every reader will judge for himself. It is proper, however, to inform him, that the transcriber was well acquainted with the persons mentioned in it; of whom the writer of the relation was a merchant, who had however received an education, at an University, of plain good sense, and who maintained, during life, an excellent moral character, but the farthest thing in the world from that of an enthusiast. Of the lady, who was his (the transcriber's) near relation, he will only say, that the character given of her in the following detail is just and appropriate. Her piety, although sincere, was remote from all ostentation: and she was upon the whole one of the most amiable women he ever knew. About two years only have elapsed since the gentleman's death."

This is dated 27th November, 1787, and then follows the transcription of the merchant's own story.

"Upon Saturday evening, 2d September, 1769, betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve at night, as I was about to fall into an agreeable sleep, I was gently awaked by a soft whispering noise, which entered at my room-door, and stopped at my bedside. Though it was not disagreeable, yet I never felt any thing in the world have such an effect upon my senses, for awfulness and solemnity. And there is nothing on earth I can remember, that has any resemblance to it, except a sweet zephyr gently gliding through a grove; and even that is but a very imperfect representation of it.

"I immediately raised myself up, and drew by the curtain, when to my great but most agreeable surprise, my dear wife, who departed this life but two months ago, was present before me. And notwithstanding the natural aversion which poor mortals generally have to the inhabitants of another world, and even to those who have been their dear companions, yet, my friend, who

may peruse this, I can assure you with perfect truth, that nothing of that fear or dread possessed me, but rather the highest satisfaction and joy of having an opportunity of conversing with my dear friend, for so I must call her, the conjugal ties that subsisted while in this world being now totally dissolved.

"I said to her 'I need not inquire about your happiness, as I was always confirmed of it while you was in this world. I assured you of it in your last sickness, but now I see evident tokens of it in your countenance and deportment every way. Indeed while you was an inhabitant of this earth, you was always possessed of a sweetness and affability of temper, of such striking piety, uprightness and integrity, as made you justly beloved and esteemed by all your acquaintances. But now I see such splendour in your countenance, such dignity every way surrounding you, as bespeaks an inhabitant of the blessed, as also one of a very high rank.'

"To this my beloved friend answered, 'No, I am not of very high rank in the blessed abodes; but thanks to my God and my dear Saviour for the happiness I enjoy, which is as great as my present nature is capable of. And I know I will be still rising to greater degrees of happiness, and nearer to perfection in the blessed city of my God, which I now inhabit, as I see all that enter do. Thus much I have liberty to communicate to you; and also, that if I had improved the talents which God Almighty gave me, while on earth, better than I did, *i. e.* had I advanced farther in the exercise of holiness, piety, justice, and benevolence, and thereby attained to a greater degree of excellence in this life which you possess, then I should have been directly placed in such a higher station in those blessed mansions, as my nature was capable of enjoying. And such happiness may they all expect who go on improving in virtue and goodness, while they are in this lower world.'

"Charmed with the conversation of this celestial inhabitant, I ventured to ask her another question: 'Pray, my dear heavenly guest, may I ask, how the blessed above employ themselves?

what are their distinct exercises and recreations, if they have any ?

“ My dear friend, I know but little myself as yet, though much more than you could bear to hear in your mortal state ; but I will let you know what I am permitted, and what your present state will bear. You may be sure that a considerable part of our time is taken up, at stated periods, in worshipping, serving, and praising our great Almighty, and his Son, our dear Saviour. Our worship and services are pure and quite abstracted, removed from the smallest degree of imperfection ; our songs and choral symphonies charm beyond expression ; the number and variety of our instruments are almost infinite, and, when joined together, nothing so sweet, so truly great, glorious and transcending, can be conceived. You must know that I cannot bear such glories but at a great distance from the throne of God, the centre of our worship and praise, but I expect to be admitted nearer and nearer, as my nature will bear, according to that progressive order and regularity that subsists in our regions. This relation, you must know, is most part from the information of one of a much superior rank to me, who deigns to converse with me now and then, and whose superior knowledge gives me the greatest pleasure. And who knows but this same benevolent being may be appointed by the Almighty to converse with me, and to instruct me, until I come to a greater degree of maturity ; for these go on gradually, as they do with you, no supernatural force being applied. My terrestrial friend, you ask me whether the heavenly inhabitants have any recreations. You know that there are many Christians upon your earth, otherwise well-meaning people, and inoffensive in their lives, who, were you to ask such a question, would think it next to blasphemy. You will know them by their dismal aspects and melancholy countenances, which appear chiefly in their religious exercises, occasioned by the wrong notions of religion which they have imbibed in their youth, and which most part of them never give up, and by which they have conceived such

shocking notions of the Deity, as to believe him to be an arbitrary and tyrannical being to his rational creatures. What pity is it that these poor deluded creatures will not allow themselves to be undeceived in this respect ! For by all I can learn, the blessed above have many recreations, but they are all of an abstracted and pure nature, spiritual and intellectual ; and the result of all is, that they are thereby enabled more and more to praise, love, and adore the infinite perfections of their great Master, who is the Lord of all things. For lately happening to approach near a company of glorious beings, many degrees above my sphere, and seeing them very intent upon serious and profound contemplation, I ventured to join them, which they encouraged, for the highest order of beings in our celestial abodes are pleased when those of the lowest rank mix in their company, and they forward their knowledge as much as possible, and their conception of things ; for all of us, even those of the highest order of our kingdom, are still going on to perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at the summit. Besides, you must know that our inhabitants have unspeakable pleasure in being agreeable to their fellow-citizens, especially to those of the lowest orders. This is the effect of that universal benevolence which does and will forever reign in those happy regions.

“ After mixing in this company, although I could not perfectly understand their language, yet I was sure that they were talking of some extraordinary excursion which they had lately made, to view the wonders of a certain world, either newly-created or which they had never seen before. And Oh, how were they delighted with the beauty and magnificence of its structure, and the exact symmetry and proportion of its parts ! Now and then they would fall prostrate in their adoration of Him that sits upon the throne, and of the Lamb, for ever and ever. I understood that they had observed something new and curious in it, which they had not seen before in any part of the universe. And now, my terrestrial friend, I must think

that viewing the wonders of the Almighty in their different universes of worlds with which he has filled infinite space, must be no small part of the delightful exercises of the blessed in heaven.'

"Oh, my dear friend, who may read this, think how my ears were charmed with such heavenly discourse, which encouraged me to ask another question. 'Pray, dear celestial citizen,' said I, 'do the souls that leave this earth, and come to inhabit your blessed abodes, do they know their relations, companions, and acquaintances, whom they had on this earth, when they meet in heaven?' 'Of this,' she replied, 'I cannot inform you, having yet seen none of them, I mean none of my terrestrial acquaintances. You cannot imagine what millions and myriads are with us; and all that can arrive from your earth, were all that ever breathed in it to come, would be almost as nothing and unobserved among the infinite multitudes in our regions. But I have no doubt that such souls as in your earth were happy together in the exercise of virtue, or in any of the divine or social graces, and who had great pleasure in studying and conferring together on these subjects on earth, may meet together and renew their friendship in the regions above; but to talk of any subject relating to their terrestrial affairs, I am sure such would be far below their nature, and would be but grovelling in those blessed mansions.'

"My dear celestial being, since you have been so communicative, may I dare to ask you another question? Have you yet seen the *Beatifick Vision*, or can you give me any description of it?' 'What I have said on our worship, adoration, and praise of the Deity,' she replied, 'may answer the question. I know little of this glorious sight as yet, and was I permitted to communicate what I know, it would so shock your earthly frame, that you would wish to have known nothing about it. My approaches to the beatifick vision are yet at a great distance; I must wait till I am more inured to the divine sight, till my nature be more refined and spiritualized, before I can enjoy it perfectly. And now know, my friend, that I am

about to leave you, never to meet again on earth, and that it was altogether upon your account that I undertook such a journey, knowing your anxiety and pain of mind at my departure from the world. I hope that you will be no more grieved for the loss of me, nor sorrow after an ungodly manner. I am translated from this low transitory earth to the regions of bliss and immortality, for without this motive and of myself I had no inclination to come, although I sojourned on earth upwards of half a century, and, bodily distempers excepted, lived as happily as a mortal could do during that time. But now such is the relish we have for our celestial enjoyments, that we lose all taste for our terrestrial ones. This is the reason why so few incline or are permitted to revisit this earth.'

"Having thus spoken, my celestial Visitant in a moment disappeared and left me."

I make no apology, Mr. Editor, for sending you the above, which is a literal and faithful transcript from the original in my possession. It adds to the singularity, and probably to the interest, that a gentleman of high literary character and acknowledged attainments, should have given perpetuity, and some degree of credibility, to this most wondrous tale. I shall conclude with his remark: "Of the truth of this story each one must judge for himself, merely observing, that the good lady had not, probably from her short abode in heaven, lost her habit and sexual characteristic of prolixity, and that through the whole of her long and digressive colloquy, her spouse seems to have listened with a very *habitual* and laudable deference and patience."

I am, Sir, &c. &c. B.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Nov. 1818.

INCREASE OF CRIMES.

The increase of crimes of late years in this country has been lamentably proved by authentic and incontrovertible documents; and it is distressing to find that each calendar of the Old Bailey continues progressively to increase in the number of culprits to be tried for all manner of offences. But perhaps there never was a period when such hardened depravity, such monstrous callousness to all the feelings of humanity have been manifested as at the present. We shudder at be-

ing compelled, even occasionally, to make our magazine a vehicle of horrors; but it becomes a part of our duty to hand down to posterity accounts, however brief, of certain events which must ever excite astonishment and indignation. We allude to several atrocious murders which have been committed within the short space of a month in different parts of the country, two of which have disgraced our metropolis, and which, in point of malignity and cruelty, can scarcely be paralleled. One, which is the universal subject of conversation, was committed on the evening of the 16th, by a wretch named Dean, on the body of a female infant, four years and a half old, the daughter of two decent persons named Albert, residing near the Elephant and Castle. The murderer (an engraver out of employ, and who had been a soldier) was intimate with the family. He took the child out, on the evening in question, on pretence of buying it some apples, and in a passage close by the residence of its parents, nearly severed its head from its body with his pocket knife. He had always shewn a remarkable fondness for the child. The demoniac, in a day or two afterwards, surrendered himself, and made a voluntary confession that he had committed the crime through love! A public-house-keeper's daughter, near Aldgate, having rejected his addresses, he determined to murder her, that his own life might be forfeited; but on reflection, he said he preferred killing the child, because it had less sins to answer for! The other case was that of a Chelsea pensioner, a German, 40 years of age, who deliberately stabbed his wife because he suspected her of incontinence. A third case of horror may be added to make up the climax. The body of a soldier's wife has just been found in a well at a public-house at Brompton, where it had lain a month, since a part of the regiment was quartered there; it was discovered by the corrupt state of the water, which was constantly used. The husband (an Irishman) gave out that his wife had eloped with another man: he has since deserted.

A New Literary Journal, to be entitled the *Edinburgh Monthly Review* is about to appear. The first number will be published on the 1st of January, 1819, and to be regularly continued.

TYPHUS FEVER.

Dr. J. C. Smith obtained £5,000 from Parliament, for the following recipe:—℞. 6 dr. powdered nitre, 6 dr. of oil of vitriol, mix them in a tea cup by adding to the nitre one drachm of the oil at a time. The cup to be placed during the preparation on a hot hearth or plate of heated iron, and the mixture stirred with a tobacco pipe. The cup to be placed in different parts of the sick-room.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR THE GOUT.

Apply a leek-poultice to the part affected.

CURE FOR THE JAUNDICE.

Drink plentifully of decoction of carrots.

Tincture of goose-grass is an imperial sweetener of the blood.

Extraordinary fact in Natural History.—A correspondent, on whose veracity we can rely, assures us, that, on Tuesday last, passing from Ludgate-hill to Blackfriars-bridge, at half-past three in the forenoon, by fashionable time, he saw—A DANDY—in full feather from the combed-out head to the boots, and decorated with—a butcher's green apron!

A very worthy clergyman, affectionately attached to his family, was asked by a friend, if his daughter, who was known to be near her confinement, was yet put to bed? 'Yes,' replied the Doctor, 'I thank you, she is.' "And what is the result?"—"Why, my dear Sir, (returned the cheerful Divine) she has had her labour for her pains!"

A boy at school was accused by another, of having secreted or stolen his penknife, and could not persuade him to the contrary. The loser at length determined that the supposed thief should buy him a new one, and told him so; to which the other unthinkingly replied, "Yes, but not till I'm Lord Mayor of London!" Though the boy had then no connexion whatever with the Metropolis, he is now become one of its Aldermen, and more than a year will probably not elapse before he is seated in the Mayoral chair. The other person, the accuser, is still living, and has signified his intention of claiming the fulfilment of the promise.*

* Since writing the above, remarkable to relate, the subject of the anecdote has suddenly expired. It was no other than Alderman Goodbehere.

EPIGRAM.

On reading in a Morning Paper, that a young Nobleman had lost his life through having his Stays laced too TIGHT.

Ye Dandies, take heed while your Stays ye
are placing,
Unless you've a fancy to die of—a lacing,
Which most of you merit, I know!
Be careful—remember, while yet ye have
breath,
Ere *Jemmy Jumps* deals you undignified
death,
If too fond of staying, you go.

POETRY.

From La Belle Assemblée, December, 1818.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LAVATER.

HE sleeps! The hour of mortal pain
And warrior pride alike are past,
His blood is mingling with the rain,
His cheeks are withering in the blast.
This morn' there was a bright hue there,
The flash of courage stern and high;
The steel has drained its current clear,
The storm has bleached its gallant dye.
This morn these icy hands were warm,
That lid, half shewing the glazed ball,
Was life---Thou chill and clay-faced form,
Is this the one we lov'd?---This all?
Woman, away, and weep no more,
Can the dead give you love for love---
Can the grave hear? His course was o'er,
The spirit wing'd its way above.
Wilt thou for dust and ashes weep?
Away; thy husband lies not here.
Look to yon Heaven! If love is deep
On earth---'tis tenfold deeper there.

From the European Magazine, Oct. 1818.

THE ARCTIC MOON.

[By the Author of Legends of Lampedusa, &c.]

WHEN Briorn* sat on the land of ice,
Where the cloudy Storm-God hovers,
Ere the four stars looked from northern skies,
Or the sons of the West were rovers,
The voice of his Sire he remember'd not,
Nor the greeting by brothers spoken;
His home and his kindred were forgot,
But he knew his first love's token---
And the sound of his lost Therida's name
On his ear like the breath of the south-wind
came.

For we who live in the bright full moon†
In her rainbow hover'd near him,
And we kept in her crystal halls a boon
In the lonely hour to cheer him:
Then about his pillow of snow we stole,
And we gave to the eye of his dreaming soul
A mirror that show'd the fair array
Of the loveliest hours that had passed away.

In the folds of our silver light we keep
The joy that is lost too fleetly,
And we bring it again to bless the sleep
Of him who serves us meetly;
We watch his bed, for we send forth all
The souls of men from our crystal hall,
And the music that dreaming mortals hear
Is the distant choir of their native sphere.

We watch the maiden's funeral rite,
Ere the snowy cheek is shrouded,
To take again the spirit of light
That lived in her clay unclouded:

* This adventurer, when found at Spitzbergen by his countrymen, had forgotten his native language, and remembered nothing of his family till his wife's ring was shewn to him.

† The Arctic Moon often remains a fortnight unchanged.

And we waft it away to our realms unseen,
Under icy arches broad and sheen,
Where a thousand gardens of lilies grace
The frozen Pole's eternal base.

Woe to the ear that has heedless heard
Our midnight song of warning!
And to him who wounds the azure bird
We send in the cloud of morning!
He shall see his gallant vessel near
The boat of the ocean-spider,
Its masts shall seem but a May-fly's spear,
And its cable the down of eider;
But when in the slumber of peace he lies,
That boat to a rock of ice shall rise;
When the gale is mute, and the hour is dark,
It shall hold in its chasm his rifted bark.
Till the mighty Serpent* has unfurl'd
The emerald folds that clasp the world.

But he who blesses our holy light
With a pray'r to them that guide it,
Shall steer his bark thro' the mists of night,
Though a whirlpool yawns beside it.
We will build for him our rainbow-bridge,
From the torrent's gulph to the mountain's
ridge:
His bark shall pass where the sea-snake's fin
Is not slender enough its way to win;
And our light of love to the darkest pole
Shall follow and bless our kindred soul. V.

* The Green Serpent of Midgard is supposed to encircle the world.

From the Literary Gazette.

EXTRACT FROM SOUTHWELL'S POEMS.

[Just published.]

The Rev. ROBERT SOUTHWELL lived in the age of Elizabeth. In reviving his poems, Mr. Walter has performed a delightful task; for among the Bards of that brilliant reign he shone with no inferior lustre. With much of the general character of the period, fully participating in its peculiarities, often led away by antithesis, and sometimes conceited in the choice of words, there is an overflowing of mind, a richness of imagination, and a felicity of versification in this author, which eminently entitle his productions to the regard of after times. His melancholy life and dreadful fate, too, would spread a deep interest over his works, even were they in themselves destitute of it, which is very far from being the case. Poor Southwell was cast on a stormy epoch, when neither high birth, nor merit, nor innocence, sufficed to save the victims of political and religious contentions. He was of a good family in Norfolk, educated at Doway, and at sixteen entered into the society of Jesuits at Rome. In 1584 he came as a missionary into England, became domestic chaplain to Anne countess of Arundel, in which situation he remained till 1592, when, in consequence of some of the violent re-actions of that time, he was apprehended at Uxenden in Middlesex, and sent prisoner to the Tower. Here he was confined three years, during which, says Mr. Walter,
"He was cruelly racked ten times, with a view to extort from him a disclosure of cer-

tain supposed conspiracies against the government. At the end of this period, he sent an epistle to Cecil, the Lord Treasurer, humbly entreating his Lordship that he might either be brought upon his trial, to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him. The Treasurer answered, "that if he was in such haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire."

Shortly after, he was removed to Newgate, tried at Westminster for remaining in England contrary to the statute, convicted, and condemned to death; which sentence was executed at Tyburn on the 21st of February, 1595; when the unhappy sufferer was only in his 35th year.

His principal poem is *St. Peter's Complaint*, which is a perfect exemplification of the characteristics we have ascribed to the poetry of the age of Elizabeth. Replete with thought, redundant in images, antithetical, and strained with a few conceits, it is altogether an admirable composition. The entire theme is occupied with the self-accusations and contrite mourning of Peter for the crime of having denied his Master.

Of the minor poems, we are much pleased with the moral and pathetic turn of that

"UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH."

BEFORE my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind,
Of these cold names* and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometimes been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence, too, that saith,
"Remember man, thou art but dust."
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think indeed that I must die!

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die.
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon, for all his wit,
Nor Samson, though he were so strong;
No king, nor power ever yet †
Could 'scape, but death laid him along.
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

* Wastell reads better 'qualms.'

† 'Nor ever person yet.'

Though all the East did quake to hear
Of Alexander's dreadful name;
And all the West did likewise fear,
To hear of Julius Cæsar's fame;
Yet both by death in dust now lie;
Who then can 'scape, but he must die?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

From the Literary Gazette.

SUNDAY.

BY W. C. HARVEY.

NOW six laborious days are gone,
The Sabbath-bells are tolling,
With many a spirit-thrilling tone,
To prayers and praises knolling.

With gladden'd eyes the village see
The welcome season dawning,
Put on their Sunday clothes with glee,
And hail the sacred morning.

Each blooming lass is proud to wear
Her newest gown and bonnet,
While dames of three-score whisper near,
And moralize upon it.

Jocund of heart they seem, in sooth,
Stout Will now 'squires his Nannie.
Bald seventy takes the arm of youth,
The prattler leads his grannie.

Oh, 'tis, methinks, a pleasant sight,
When neighbours thus are meeting,
When ev'ry countenance is bright,
And smiles with smiles are greeting.

Thrice welcome is the day of rest,
To them a cheerful season;
Devotion fills each glowing breast,
But 'tis the fruit of reason.

And as they leave the house of prayer,
The solemn service ended,
They to their humble homes repair,
With hearts and morals mended.

And when at home, each breast dilates
With joys that have no measure,
And each his evening consecrates
To calm domestic pleasure.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SUN-DIAL.

BY W. C. HARVEY.

MORTAL, while the sunny beam,
Tells thee here how time is gliding;
Haste the moments to redeem,
For eternity providing.

Winters pass, and springs renew,
In maturity advancing,
Youth to pleasure sighs "Adieu,"
In the fields of childhood dancing.

Manhood sinks to hoary age,
And a night that has no morning:
Oh, let Wisdom now engage,
Hear her dictates, and take warning!
Wisely still the moments use,
Man is every moment dying;
While this tablet you peruse,
Oh, remember time is flying!